

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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You're 100% feminine if -



100%—if you love 100 per cent. masculine men.

WARTIME has put thousands of women into uniform.

Some of them have discarded feminine fripperies—evening frocks, silly hats, frothy veils, spike heels, and perfume—for the duration.

Others, clinging to femininity, change out of their uniforms into slinky materials, soft colors, jewels, and scented make-up whenever they have the opportunity.

If you want to know whether your essential femininity is being weakened by wartime uniform you can check up on yourself with this amusing analysis by an American writer. He says:—

You're 100% feminine

If you love—

Large, 100 per cent. masculine men who regard you as an eternal mystery and a fragile flower; candle light; Bing Crosby; sweet liqueurs; frothy negligees; anniversaries of every sentimental landmark in your life; flowers sent by special delivery; love stories with happy endings.

If you prefer—

Little boys to little girls; shiny magazines to books; the Blue Danube to the Palms Guide; any husband to any job.

If you hate—

Camping out, picnics, and roughing it generally; good looks and romantic triumphs of other women; mice; conversation on impersonal subjects; other people's children when they have sticky fingers; the

75%—if you love animals.

success, in a career or social life, of a woman who "hasn't managed to get married."

You're 75% feminine

If you love—

Animals, especially well-bred horses, weeny kittens and puppies; frilly frocks, furs, and orchids; Robert Taylor; lovers' quarrels followed by tear-mopping reconciliations; Mendelssohn; babies; young men who telephone you regularly to tell you how beautiful you are.

If you prefer—

Almost any man to almost any woman; sweet cocktails to dry cocktails; novels to books about ideas; to be treated as an alluring female by men rather than as a reasoning human being.

If you hate—

Windy weather; dogs which jump up at you; hair-sets that go wrong; cotton stockings; watching football matches, but still going to them if the man who invites you is attractive enough; admitting you can't see the point in a funny story; not getting married.

You're 50% feminine

If you love—

Getting very confidential with other women; Gary Cooper; becoming housecoats; sports clothes; sophisticated but simple clothes for street wear; all reasonably attractive dogs and children; the music of Chopin; Noel Coward; surrealist paintings; hunting or outdoor games;

secrets, your own and other people's; the best short stories and autobiographies.

If you prefer—

A romantic, sought-after lover who may, your friends say, neglect you to a prosaic, dependable husband; a mad hat that will be out of fashion in a few months to a good, safe hat that will last several seasons.

If you hate—

George Raft; working for another woman; mending the electric iron when it breaks down; not getting married.

You're 25% feminine

If you love—

Argument free from personalities; the Marx brothers; severely tailored suits and evening dresses; a glass of beer when you're thirsty; the hatless vogue; a career to make you independent of the man you marry; the music of Bach or swing bands.

If you prefer—

Big dogs to small babies; flat heels to high heels; driving a car to being a passenger; men's to women's magazines; an interesting job to a dull husband.

If you hate—

Girlish confidences and cattish gossip; umbrellas; hats; men who call you "little girl"; having to join the ladies after dinner; lacquer on your finger-nails; cream cakes.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



MR. DUDLEY WILLIAMS, K.C.
New Judge

NOTED Equity lawyer, Mr. Dudley Williams, K.C., of Sydney, recently appointed Judge of the Supreme Court, is "proud of being an Australian of the fourth generation." He is a great-grandson of Mr. James Milson, first settler in North Sydney.

Graduate of Sydney University, he served with distinction in the last war. Was associate to the late Sir William Cullen.



MISS E. D. GERRARD
Unusual distinction

UNUSUAL scholastic distinction for Miss E. D. Gerrard. She is first to gain degrees of both Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Domestic Science at Sydney University, and second to win Domestic Science degree.

"Well, why not?" she says. She has been winning medals and scholarships in Brisbane and Sydney since she was 13. Holds blues for sport, too.



MR. E. D. DARBY
Migration problems

FOUNDER and president of the British Orphans' Adoption Society, Mr. E. D. Darby, B.Ec., is a Sydney schoolteacher. He has specialised in migration problems. "I am so happy about the widespread response to my idea, conceived ten minutes after the outbreak of war," he said. Lord and Lady Gowrie are among those offering to adopt children.

Make this come true for you -

She watched the firm strong outlines of his face lit by the flickering flames and felt a glow of complete content. "Darling, she heard him whisper, 'I want you like this—by my side for ever.'"



LOVE like this has its source in nothing more remote than everyday life. Destined to be the heroine in such a story, is the girl who has learned the art of fascination and knows how to appear attractive and well-groomed—with, above all, the irresistible appeal of a clear smooth skin. In this, you have Erasmic Face Powder to bring loveliness to perfection. A fine, exquisitely light powder that gives a satiny finish hour upon hour. A powder with a delicate, unforgettable fragrance that will come to seem an inseparable part of you.



ERASMIC FACE POWDER

PEACH, RACHEL, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN, NATURAL.

ERASMIC CREAMS
(Fleshing and Cold) 1/- TUBE

ES.27



25%—if you love argument free from personalities.

Special despatch on crisis at HONGKONG

AUSTRALIAN BRIDES AMONGST
THOSE WHO LEFT DANGER CITY



MR. AND MRS. IAN ADAM at their wedding on June 6 at Hongkong, with Mr. H. Brokenshire and Mrs. Marea Stockton (right) who sent this dramatic despatch.



MISS SHEILA HAYNES, of Perth, was in Hongkong when women were ordered to leave.



NOSE OF a well-sandbagged piece of coast defence artillery points skyward from Hongkong. In the background can be seen the coolies helping to strengthen the defences.

By MAREE STOCKTON

Our Special Correspondent, Cabled from Hongkong.

"Hongkong's quitzkrieg," as one commentator rather wittily put it, became real to-day.

As I hurriedly write this message aboard a stately pre-war transpacific liner, which has since become a troopship, one evacuation ship is already thirty miles out to sea with seven hundred women and children aboard en route to Manila.

HALF an hour ago an Australian liner departed with every inch of space, even couches and smoke-rooms, taken up by refugees. I'm aboard the last ship to depart—a 26,000 ton liner which is well known to many Australians—with another thousand evacuees.

The women aboard are making a brave show of things, but I know tears are near.

Many husbands do not know that when a wife said calmly: "There's Mrs. So-and-so over there—I'll be back in a minute," she was going to her cabin for a quiet cry.

For ninety per cent. of these Englishwomen who are leaving to-day, this represents the greatest incident in their lives.

Some have been in wars before—you can't live in China long without being affected by some war or other.

Many have experienced vicissitudes in other ways. Many have "roughed it," but very few have experienced the pang of separation, especially separation that makes the future a terrifying uncertainty.

In Hongkong to-night more than half the European homes are lonely and silent, with husbands aimlessly wandering from room to room.

The smart houses and flats are filled with the most modern furniture and exquisite tapestries. Perhaps we will never see them again.

We know we are leaving Hongkong because our husbands intend defending this English colony whatever happens, and they cannot do that if we are there.

There are many Australians among the evacuees who left in the three ships to-day.

Little Susan Glendenning, for instance—she is just a fortnight old and she's the youngest Australian aboard. She is travelling with her mother, Mrs. Lyall Glendenning, of Burwood, N.S.W.

Although she is the youngest Australian, Susan is by no means the youngest evacuee.

There are two babies less than forty-eight hours old. They were brought from hospitals in cots with their mothers on stretchers.

Six brides

FROM hospitals also came six women who are so ill they had to be taken aboard on stretchers.

Among six "evacuee brides" who are separated from their bridegrooms within a few weeks of marriage are two Australians.

One is Mrs. Ian Adam, formerly Miss Maude Walsh, of Mears Ave., Randwick, N.S.W., a well-known nurse from Coonaharaban and the Royal Hospital for Women.

The other is Mrs. Laurence Kilbee, formerly Eve Martin, of Leichhardt Rd., Brisbane, a bride of forty-eight hours.

Australians include Mrs. Malale Muskett, of Sydney; Mrs. Inglis, of

Victoria; Mrs. E. W. Stout, Melbourne; Mrs. G. C. Dudley, of Rabaul; Mrs. R. Shannon, Hampton St., Brighton; Mrs. J. Wolfe, of Marrickville, Sydney; Mrs. H. Hall, of Penhurst; Mrs. Huggart, formerly a nurse at Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney; Mrs. Eardley, of Mount Isa, Queensland; Mrs. McCaw, of Perth; and Mrs. I. B. Trevor, of Melbourne.

Other Australians are Mrs. W. Bruce, of Newcastle; Mrs. and Miss D. Hume, of Maryborough, Queensland; Mrs. W. Mezer, of Brisbane; Miss Sheila Haynes, of Perth; Mrs. R. A. C. North, wife of Hongkong's Colonial Secretary, from Melbourne; Mrs. Murdoch, of Perth; and Mrs. A. Dudley, formerly Miss Anne Fowler, of Williamstown.

Most of these are accompanied by children, some of whom, although both the parents are Australian, have not yet seen Australia.

Thirteen women expect new babies will be born before they reach Australia, so the Government has sent two doctors and four nurses to accompany the ships.

Total evacuations to-day are 1774, making a grand total of 4434. An additional two thousand are expected to leave at the week-end, then many other nationals will depart.

Although the liners taking evacuees to Manila are the largest in the Pacific, they have insufficient space to accommodate all who have departed to-day. So hundreds of camp-stretchers were prepared in the baggage-rooms, lounges, and even down in the bowels of the ship.

In order that there should be no discrimination, the evacuation committee drew a marble for each evacuee. The lucky ones got cabins, the unlucky ones camp-stretchers. I'm one of the unlucky ones and I share what was once the steerage dining-saloon with fifty other women.

Our cots take up the entire space,

FROM HONGKONG HOMES, like these in one of the loveliest residential areas, British women have been taken to safety in Manila. Many will come on to Australia.

so the occupier of a cot in the middle of the room must clamber over a dozen or so other cots.

At meals we eat at long trestle tables reminiscent of shearing sheds—and the food is much the same! Tin pannikins and tin plates with huge slabs of bread and butter!

But nobody minds. We realise we are doing our bit, and the discomfort won't last long.

Above all, we are thrilled because we are going to Australia. We know our faith in Australia's proverbial hospitality won't be misplaced.

Shelter in U.S. Army barracks

Later Cable From
MAREE STOCKTON

I AM now cabling from Manila, where lanky, good-humored American soldiers helped us ashore after the strangest voyage across the China Sea any ship ever made.

Long before we reached our destination we'd christened the 26,000-ton troopship the "Nursery Liner" because of the overwhelming number of children and infants aboard.

The biggest thrill was the sudden appearance shortly after our departure from Hongkong of a rakish English destroyer which escorted us.

Some four thousand British women and children, including approximately ninety Australians, are now housed in U.S. army barracks awaiting word when to resume evacuation to Australia. Filipinos and Americans are showering us with kindness, and hundreds have been offered temporary homes.

Three expectant mothers were rushed to hospital immediately the ship docked, but there were no births aboard.

Nurse's Hongkong Romance —
Page 14




There's
NOTHING
QUITE SO GOOD
AS
'NUGGET'

BLACK, DARK TAN and
THE *New* MILITARY TAN





THEY count on CHURCHILL!



MR. CHURCHILL, in whom Britain has placed her trust. Picture above shows him with his wife and daughter Mary.



Moving glimpse of man who directs Empire's grim fight

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in London

"Mr. Churchill concluded his thirty minutes' speech in tears."

This moving record of the English Prime Minister's speech in the House of Commons telling of the decision to take action against the French Navy at Oran gave the world a remarkable glimpse of the human qualities concealed by the rugged features of Mr. Churchill.

Every Housewife ought to know by now —



GRANDMA
THOUGHT HER
APRON WAS WHITE
—TILL YOUNG JIM
CAME TO STAY...

PERSIL WASHES WHITER

Colours stay true. Silks and woollies keep their loveliness with this gentle oxygen washer.



1. GRANDMA REFUSED to believe there were any short cuts on wash day. She'd always scrubbed with soap—and that was that! But when she really saw Jim's lovely clothes—her daughter-in-law's words came back. That Persil whiteness made her own look sorry. So...



2. PERSIL NEXT WASH DAY for Grandma—just as an experiment. And what a difference in the whites and colours. Sweeter, cleaner—and no hard work! Next week she tried it for the woollies—and Grandma's pleasure was complete!



3. "LET'S GO TO THE ZOO," said Grandma some weeks later, when the family were together again. "I've never felt so fresh on a Monday afternoon for years!"

ALL OVER AUSTRALIA 2 Housewives out of 3 use PERSIL

When once you've seen that famous whiteness, you'll wonder why you never turned to Persil years ago. As two housewives out of three already know—it's so very easy, so quick to get those grand results. Persil's secret lies in oxygen—soap suds charged with energising oxygen. Millions of busy oxygen bubbles, like fairy hands, surge suds through and through your wash. It's those oxygen-charged suds that search out the dirt, dissolve the grease and leave the whole wash sweet and clean. For whites, for precious colours, woollies, flimsy silks—there's nothing safer. The oxygen that makes Persil thorough makes it gentle, too. Start using Persil. Pleased as you may be with your present method, you'll never go back to anything else—for any section of the wash.



FOR EVERYTHING YOU WASH

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

F.A. 17

HOW should we interpret a man's tears in such a crisis?

We have heard of Hitler's tears . . . tears of rage and hate and passion as he whips his Nazi followers to frenzy . . . tears of a man who howls for bloodshed and misery . . . wild, irresponsible madman's tears.

But Churchill's tears held grief and anguish—and withal a stern resolution to do all those bitter duties that must be done to conquer the forces that threaten the lives of Britons and all they hold dear.

He wept at the circumstance that called for the order to fire on the ships of those long counted as friends. Did any statesman ever have to perform a more bitter task?

His anguish was for the Empire, for a peace the world has lost, for lives betrayed by treachery, for liberties and possessions that must be defended!

Such is the moving drama behind those tears!

Despite his grief there was no despair in his attitude. He was confident and resolved.

His words inspired the fighting forces. One officer of a crack English regiment in the Libyan desert said: "We heard Churchill speak on the radio, and after that we shall fight on cheerfully."

There was nothing to indicate the drama to come, when the Churchill family set out to attend this historic meeting of the House of Commons.

From behind the barbed wire barricade of Downing Street, London, the little family group of husband, wife, daughter, and daughter-in-law walked almost unnoticed towards Parliament Square.

Down Whitehall, through Parliament Square, past sandbagged machine-gun posts the party walked slowly. Only a salute from a policeman on point duty marked them from other passers-by.

Looked for his wife

INSIDE the House of Commons they separated. Mr. Churchill to enter the floor of the House which was packed to the ceiling, and the women of his family—his wife, his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Randolph Churchill (wife of his soldier son), and his debutante daughter, Mary—to slip into seats in the gallery high above the Speaker's chair.

As Mr. Churchill in calm, measured accents, with the careful choice of simple English for which his oratory is noted, recounted the events leading up to the Battle of Oran, the House—where every seat was occupied, members even standing behind the Speaker's chair—was so still that the rustle of the order paper sounded like a machine-gun.

The public galleries were packed, and some peers even crowded into the already crammed Press gallery.

As the moving tale went on, time after time the Prime Minister's eyes turned full round towards the Speaker, but his gaze went high above the tall canopy to the gallery where his wife was sitting listening.

The summer sunshine struggled in the leaded windows, shone on the sea of faces, and lit up the dull red benches.

As the Prime Minister's voice, now tinged with bitterness, told how the Britain Government released 400 Nazi airmen prisoners, his listeners summoned up a picture of the pilot of a Hurricane plane flitting with death . . . Between the clouds, his eight guns blazing, to bring down the Nazi bomber.

The Prime Minister's words showed that now, through fairly to the pledged word, this action must again be fought out four hundred times.

But the bitterness faded as Mr. Churchill ended with these words: "... This is the supreme hour," he said.

His words sounded like a bugle call.

Waves of cheering

THE silent house broke into a wave of cheering as members leaped to their feet, yelling and waving their arms.

Even the public galleries forgot themselves and joined in the acclamation.

But Mr. Churchill sank to his seat in tears, with his head bowed and his hand across his eyes.

For a moment he sat apart—a remote and solitary figure in the centre of a forest of waving hands.

Amid the tumult, the women of his family quietly left to return to No. 10 Downing Street, to where they had moved a week ago from Admiralty House.

All their furniture and personal effects were taken to Downing Street, and it will become the home of the big Churchill family.

The Prime Minister and his wife are essentially a family couple and keep their children and grandchildren in close contact with them.

Mrs. Churchill is anxious that her daughter Mary will not be entirely cheated of her debutante year, and though big-scale entertainment is gone she has held several small afternoon parties.

These have been in upstairs rooms, while downstairs the head of the house has been engaged in momentous meetings.

Mrs. Churchill, though she is a keen helper to her husband and is a woman of great political training, remains first of all a wife and mother.

Under her guidance Number 10 is becoming in its domestic quarters the Churchill home rather than the official residence of the Prime Minister of England.

LAMP GLOW

A Complete Short Story

by...

ELIZABETH
POWELL

"I KNEW," said Joan, with a little nod.

Her face was serious, her small figure limp. She was tired in body, mind, and heart, but Joan said so little about anything that nobody noticed if she were tired or not.

She was like a quiet little mouse in the old farm building that Geoff had artistically converted into a home suitable for his genius. At least, he thought of it as genius, and so did most of his friends. His wife said it was just talent polished up by wit, and fragile as any polished, brittle thing. She stood watching him with her mouth drooping. He was thoroughly disconcerted.

A husband can be very disconcerted when boldly, in the modern manner, confessing his infatuation for another woman, and having his wife say quietly, "I knew."

"You—knew," he echoed, so astonished that his glibly prepared phrases were destroyed before they could be uttered. To gain a moment's time, he swung towards the window with a manufactured scowl on his good-looking face. Unseen by him, Joan smiled as a mother might behind the back of a sulky, beloved child. For a moment her eyes smouldered with painful wisdom, but a broken sigh passed her lips. He did not hear.

Geoff turned again: "Well, so now you know, what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Joan, and went from the room.

Geoff was left standing in the strong light from the window, one of which framed him against a background of tall, dark trees, bright lawn running to the river's edge, and the tangled bush growth beyond the wide, smooth stream flowing seawards on a long, winding journey. Well, I'm dashed, he heard his mind say. Every preconceived idea on the subject of deceived wives and confessional husbands was smashed. She had not behaved as tradition demanded, and he felt angry, as though she, and not he, were the offender. Rummaging a long, nervy hand through his thick, black hair, he stared at the doorway through which she had gone, not guessing that under her peaceful surface was a passion of grief too deep for expression. Just like that, eh? He'd plucked up his courage, after weeks of solitary dread, to tell her about Gilda, and then—nothing!

Color suddenly ran to his forehead. In a tearing fury he followed his wife and found her in the kitchen over a stove. She was stirring something in a pot. Economy demanded that she do the work of two servants, for genius was not, as yet, recognised by the critics, therefore unprofitable. Joan did not lift her head or look round as Geoff found his cigarettes and lighted one with hands shaking. The fury of sudden resentment had been cooled by her apparent indifference to what he felt, thought, or did. He sat on one corner of the table regarding her as if she were a queer insect.

"Look here, Joan, do you realise what I just told you?"

"In there?"

"Yes, in there. Hang it all, this is a modern age, and we're intelligent, sophisticated, modern people. Must you and I go on living a cat-and-dog life for the remainder of our mortal existence just because of our absurd marriage law? Marriage was made for man, not man for marriage."

"So I've heard. Marriage was also made for women, not women for marriage."

"A woman," he cried angrily, thankful all the same that she was talking, "takes to marriage like a duck to water. It's her security, her safety, her freedom from loneliness— But there he paused. She was smiling oddly. "Is it really?" Joan said.

"Confound it all, Joan! Gilda and I—"

"I said I knew."

"Knew what?" he asked suspiciously. How much did she know?

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

There wasn't really much to know at all—yet.

"That Gilda and you are making a romance out of a common taste for poetry and painting. You've discussed me, pitted yourselves because you are tied to an ordinary, nondescript little person without a talent in her make-up. You want to be free to marry her. She's gone all virtuous and sent you to me. She hasn't the courage to bolt with you, so wants you to do 'the decent thing.' Well, you've done it. I gave you my answer. And that's that."

"You won't free me," argued Geoff, now in a self-righteous condition bordering upon the heroic. "You want your confounded security, your safety under my name, your house and income."

Joan's smile infuriated him: "All those things would be very nice if they meant anything, Geoff. But they don't."

"Now look here," He had crossed to the stove and gripped her arm. "Stop all this tomfoolery and tell me just what you meant by that."

She shook her head.

Utterly baffled, her husband had nothing to do but go out, while Joan, safe from his observance, put down her head and wept.

The lovely district of Rivervale could not understand why little Mrs. Burton went on living alone while her husband took that long tour abroad. Of course, he was an artist, said to be very brilliant, and if the

house by the river was the outcome of an artistic impulse it said much for his cleverness. It stood, a blended picture of time-dulled brick walls, stained tiled roof, white woodwork, and green shutters, on the edge of a sloping lawn and garden that must make the artist wild to paint.

Each week-end strangely-mannered people came from the city to make merry in the rambling old place, or go walking in odd clothes over hill, meadow, and along the shady river tracks. Lights burned until all hours on Saturday and Sunday. But now, with Mr. Burton gone away, the house was like a place deprived of its spirit.

ONLY Joan, who had manufactured the glamorous fiction, knew that Geoff had not gone abroad. He had gone away with Gilda, that was all. That was all!

Gilda was one of the strange friends who came from the city to rusticate and discuss modern art and verse each week-end at the Burton home. She matched her name, being tall, vivid, animated, with tawny-colored eyes that flashed with life, and a head of natural bronze-colored hair worn loosely almost to her shoulders. Joan suspected correctly that the name Gilda had been adopted as a stamp for her golden personality. Joan had detected Gilda from the first day of meeting her, in the accustomed way of a woman

instinctively on guard before an enemy.

Only once did Geoff write to his wife, the letter being a wild petition that she divorce him. He had the temerity to add that Gilda was the most wonderful thing that had ever come into his life, and let his artistic fervor run away with his pen: "... crazy as it sounds, Joan, she's livened my work up no end. I need the stimulus she can give me. I belong to the public more than myself. No true artist belongs to himself. I was no more than a pile of fuel waiting to be lighted before I found her. Be kind, Joan, and give me this one thing I ask of you. Free me and I will be grateful all my life."

Joan swallowed a lump in her throat, then folded up the effusion, whose colossal brazenness was, perhaps, not realised by the writer. There was nobody to see her, so she let the slow, heavy tears fall.

Her reply to Geoff was brief, after her fashion:

"Dear Geoff,

"I have your letter. You still have the stimulus, so why try to domesticate it by marriage? You might belong to the public, but Geoff, make sure the public wants you first, before you get burned up like a pile of fuel. Gilda's sort often does have that burning effect on men. I am kinder than you imagine, so you have your flame, Geoff, and I'll stay as I am, not unlike a lamp glow in a window. I shall not free you. Nor

could anyone. You are, and always were, a captive to your own caprices.

"Your wife,

"JOAN."

The house by the river was Joan's property, freehold, and she had a minute income by which she could just live. Geoff knew that, so he stopped sending her money. The fear felt in watching him with Gilda each week-end had now become a dull certainty, and while he was summoning selfish theoretical arguments to serve his own desires she was facing the inevitable.

Before he tackled her with a confession of "love" for Gilda, Joan had looked crisis in the face, and by the time he had gone she was mistress of herself again. The letter had stirred up the ache that would not die, but it put determination into her head. The lamp in the window must keep on glowing, while the child who had often been slightly burned before must burn himself thoroughly in this new fire. Gilda a flame! Joan laughed out loud, and the sound she made frightened her back into the deepest silence.

Long days, long nights. Not even a servant. She had given Geoff free rein with his spasmodic earnings by managing on her own money and doing all the work of the place. Geoff was the kind of man who had been spoiled from birth by a doting mother, indulgent older sisters.

Please turn to Page 28



Geoff closed the door and leaned against it. "Don't let anyone see me," he muttered.

ESCAPE *A Serial Story*

*Success seemed almost in sight.
Then Mark aroused against
himself a deadly new
foe...jealousy!*

THE STORY SO FAR:

EMMY RITTER, former European actress, returned to her homeland, sold a property, and diverted proceeds to America where she had lived for many years with her children, MARK and SABINA PREYSING. This was counted an act of treason, and Emmy was sentenced to death.

Her letter to Mark, forwarded by an old servant, FRITZ KELLER, brought him immediately to Europe. Through an American-born Countess, who conducts a girls' finishing school, he met DR. DITTEN, the surgeon attending Emmy in the prison hospital. The doctor told Mark of his mother's pending execution; he also confessed that he would attempt her escape by giving her a drug to induce semblance of death and signing a death certificate, but could do nothing further.

Mark sought the aid of Fritz, who had been given permission to receive the body for burial. With a truck Fritz collected from the prison the coffin containing the supposedly-dead Emmy, then picked Mark up. No further refuge was available, however, and in despair Mark went to the Countess for help just after the GENERAL had left her house.

Against her better judgment the Countess receives Mark and Emmy, and leaves them in a secluded room.

Now read on.

MARK woke and looked over at the bed.

His mother was really there. He thought in flurried, acute flashes of what had happened, but he tried not to remember too clearly.

Each step, taken separately, had the pain of failure, but in the end it was success. He couldn't feel at what point it became success, but success was enough. Only failure had to be examined. There she was.

The triumph and miracle of his mother lying there grew and filled him till it was more than he could support.

He tiptoed over to look at her. She was asleep. Really asleep this time; naturally and with a look of freshness about her. There was even color in her lips. Her hand, when he touched it, was warm and moist. He sat down on the edge of the bed to look at her. He loved her more now, lying safe, than he had ever loved her before. So much that, no matter what had happened, this moment, though she was unconscious of him, was the best they would ever have together.

He thought again of the long way ahead to safety. Of course, he told himself, Fritz will get the passport by some time to-morrow certainly. Then I can put her quietly on the train. She'll have a bad moment of fear at the border and it'll be over. Then all she'll have to do will be to remember.

For the first time he who was so young saw that what makes age is the accumulating weight of memory. That a thing come to pass never quite loses its solidity, never quite vanishes. If we could forget, we'd never grow old.

He saw a white note lying on the floor just inside the door, where the countess had pushed it. He got up and picked it up and saw it held a small flat key. He read it and felt lighter, triumphant again.

"My dear Mr. Preysing—" It cov-

ered two pages; delicate, meticulous instructions, written as though all she asked him to do were the most natural things in the world. What was clear in it was that he was to leave the house and stay away, and that she herself would look out for Madame Ritter.

But he thought, smiling in spite of himself, I may have to wait here for days. She can't keep me away all that time. It doesn't matter what she tries to do. It's clear she isn't one of those who know how to direct her destiny. And I'm stronger than she is: I can bring what I want to pass.

He waited till his watch told him it was 12:30; then he put on his overcoat, took his hat, and unlocked the door gently with the little key. He opened it a crack to listen. He could hear, somewhere below, the voices of the girls. They were probably not in the dining-room yet. The upstairs corridor was thickly carpeted.

Then the voices suddenly grew louder and he knew the girls had come out into the hall and were going across to the dining-room. He waited until they had been there a few minutes, then closed the door of the bedroom, locked it carefully and put the key in his pocket. She had told him there were two keys.

He tiptoed down the stairs. No one was in sight. He found the telephone closet under the stairs and got his bags out. Then he came back where he could look into the dining-room.

He saw light striking the ash-blond hair of the countess and the reflected light from the white cloth and glasses illuminating her face. She was in the midst of the girls, of course, but with a self-conscious look, as though she were listening for him. He felt a sudden shyness himself, now that he would see her again under all those acute, watchful eyes.

He set his bags down and stepped inside the door. The girls all turned, and a servant with her head tied in a silk handkerchief stood still in surprise. Only the countess, expecting him, was slow to look up.

"Hello," he said.

"Why Mr. Preysing!" she exclaimed in a voice of surprise. "What are you doing here?" She held out her hand cordially.

By

ETHEL VANCE

Illustrated by Virgil

"I just walked in," he said. "I got lost somewhere in your garden."

"Really? Where have you come from?"

"I got in on the noon train. I thought I'd walk to the village."

"Girls," she said, "you remember Mr. Preysing... Jull, bring another chair... You'll have some lunch with us?"

"Thanks. Just coffee, if I may."

"Sit down... Jull, Mr. Preysing will take coffee... Have you any luggage?" she asked.

"I left it in the hall."

"Good. But it's quite a way to town, you know. You'd better let me call you a taxi later... Yes, we actually have taxis here in the country."

She talked gaily and rapidly. He was surprised at the determination with which she undertook to deceive everybody. But she had a critical audience. The girls remembered him very well. They remembered also how he had preferred to see the countess alone and how she had

disappeared at tea-time last Sunday. They were very curious about this Mr. Preysing, but they also remembered that he had let them down.

They looked at his face and hands, the way his hair was cut, his tie, his coat. They listened to his voice and accent and what he said. They couldn't make him out. He was intensely interesting to them, but he didn't seem to be quite the countess' cup of tea. Was he an actor, perhaps? That would be marvellous. They sat with intense curiosity and cold reserve while the countess made conversation with him.

After they had eaten, he said, "I think I'll call that taxi now, if you don't mind."

"Jull will call it," she said, "Have another coffee while you wait. I suppose," she said, "you're here to do some painting. Will you paint this afternoon?"

A painter, they thought. So that's it.

"Yes," he answered. And he added suddenly, "Let me paint you."

"GOOD heavens! I'm too old," she said. "Besides, I'm afraid of you modern painters. You should paint one of the girls," she said.

He looked slowly around at them and a tremor of excitement passed through them. He told them the story of Gainsborough—or was it someone else?—who said a portrait was a picture of someone where the nose was too long. They hadn't heard that, but they asked him who was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen in his life, and what type he liked best, and what famous people he had painted.

Jull came to say the taxi had come. The countess stood up and went into the hall with him. They stopped just inside the front door.

"There it is," she said.

She didn't look at him, because it was just here that he had held her in his arms last night and kissed her. He thought of it, too, saying nothing, but watching her.

"Don't worry," she said, still evading his look. "I'll take care of her. But don't come back, please."

"Why not?"

"Surely you see why not. Of course, when everything is arranged, when she's better, then you will have to come and take her away. You can telephone me, though, if you like. Where no one will hear you, of course. And speak English. I'll tell you how she is and you must tell me what you've been able to do about getting her away."

"When shall I telephone?"

"Any time during the evening will do. Don't make it too late."

He wanted to say, "Why can't I come back? Will he be here again to-night?"

He wondered if she remembered the kiss, or if she had been so frightened she hadn't even realised what he had done. Or if it was of

no consequence to her—the clumsy kiss of a boy. He wasn't even sure of what consequence it was to him.

She looked up at him, and suddenly she smiled unconsciously and eagerly, saying, "Then you'll telephone, of course." Her eyes shone with pure joy.

He was speechless, and he caught her hand awkwardly and kissed it in the custom of the country.

He had the driver take him to another, simpler hotel, one Fritz had told him of, in the village itself. After he'd left his things there, he got himself some sandwiches and beer in the little restaurant. Then, as it was only two o'clock, he went for a walk.

Returning to the village, he heard a bell tolling. It was for Emmy—for Emmy Ritter, who lay warm and safe in the countess' bed; or rather it was for death and the certainty of death, which, if it doesn't come to-day, comes to-morrow.

Please turn to Page 34



Mark and the General both seemed on edge when the party congregated in the music room.

TO EARTH

By
**NORMAN
LOCKE**

**Complete
Short Story**



Common sense was her mother's watchword, but Judith dreamed of knights in armor, performing strange and stirring feats.

HESITATINGLY, Judith approached her mother, who was sitting close to a stuffed gorilla, writing her latest novel. "Mother," ventured Judith quietly, "I'm thinking of being married." "Who's the other idiot?"—Her mother continued writing—"One of the crowd?" "It's John Wade," answered Judith, blushing. "You rather liked him. He said your Surrealists resembled boiled crabs and were hung the wrong way up." "I remember!" The sparse Mrs. Norris sat upright, her strong bony face frowning. "He was the boy who wouldn't swallow my guff about Explorations Into the Unconscious; who had the colossal nerve to accuse me of paying good money for a rotten picture in order to put bread and cheese into the mouth of some crazy artist. Which," continued Mrs. Norris with a defiant shake of her reddish hair, "is precisely what I did do. And if I recollect rightly, that outspoken young mangel-wurzel of yours declined—with a charming bow and a smile—to come here again. Said he preferred the Zoo! For heaven's sake get me a drink; not much soda."

Portified, Mrs. Norris continued rapidly: "So you propose to throw your profession to the winds—and what a job I had to get you into that hospital!—to go to live in some ramshackle benighted cottage in the country!" She heighed her disgust and shook her head helplessly.

Judith answered quietly: "My pathology will still be useful; he breeds pedigreed horses, you know—not mangel-wurzels. And the cottager, Mother, you'd love it!"

"I would not," Mrs. Norris slapped down her pen; "and when it's swarmed with squalling brats that'll bob up like recurring decimals, neither will you."

"Your own decimals," Judith reminded her, "didn't recur too often."

"You expect this passion of yours to last? Ever lift your eyes from your blessed microscope and look around at your married friends?"

"They seem quite happy," said Judith. But did they? Or did not they seem moderately happy and wholly resigned, as if high hopes and fond ideals had betrayed them?

"Disillusioned wives," Mrs. Norris was saying, "don't parade their troubles before spinsters, believe me!" She rose and imperiously faced her daughter. "Judith, all your life I've tried to train you to see clearly, to teach you that love is a fraud, a biological snare for young rabbits. You've a good profession and a home. Do what the devil you like with your life. But think first . . . think. And now let me get on with my work."

Judith went out to sit on the lawn, under the stars. She could still recapture the exquisite thrill that had possessed her down there on the farm when John had first kissed her. She could still hear his tense, low voice: "You'll marry me, Judy?" and her breathless plea: "Give me time, John. Please, please give me time."

SEATED there on the lawn, with the window's glow lighting her alluring young figure, she tried to choose wisely, to bring to bear on her problem a mind trained to observe and marshal facts.

Facts were her mother's credo; her obsession. Judith recalled a long-distant visit to the Anatomical Museum during which her mother had dryly propounded facts; and queer, unsavory facts she had thought then at the time, though Judith admitted now that her mother's nonchalance was preferable to the sight of poor old Miss Twigg of the University College, who used to stand blushing and drooling about bees and pollen and flowers; trying to convey the same boring facts.

Then there were those frightful books her mother used to send: books read in the secrecy of the dormitory by girls who voted her mother "a queer bird, but an awful sport."

It had once been proposed that one of Judith's volumes should be left in Miss Twigg's path; but the silk-pyjama-clad girls had uproariously decided that Judy's books were definitely not the sort to put in the way of a teacher who wore night-shirts.

Judith had preferred other facts. She liked to be sitting at a table exploring the world of bacilli with a microscope and a book of reference by her side; and when her young fancies indulged romantic dreams she dreamed of armored knights who performed stirring and impossible feats for some fair lady singularly like Judith Norris herself.

But as Judith developed curves, and came to mingle with the odd fish who assembled every Saturday night at her mother's notorious parties, she was forced to concede that there was some common sense in her mother's teaching; for she learned that some men resembled not knights, but microbes, in so far as they conformed to recognisable types and reacted to specific stimuli.

Three vertical wrinkles appeared above Judith's retreating nose. Her mother puzzled her. Since her father had died Mother had hardened. Once she used to write that breathlessly ecstatic poetry. Now she ground out these brittle, daring novels. Perhaps it paid her better.

Men had not troubled Judith until she was sent to examine suspect pond water on John Wade's property. Expecting to find a bearded rustic, she had found instead a young agricultural college man whose stalwart physique and charming manner evoked delightful flutterings from the moment they met outside the ivy-covered station.

That afternoon they discovered Kibb Loeffler's bacilli in the pond, and incidentally uncovered a mutual liking for the same literature, a common aptitude for losing golf balls, a joint affection for horses and dogs, and a kindred taste for grilled chops. They were in love with each other within three months.

Then latent precepts began to stir; and remembering that love was a biological snare for young

John whispered huskily: "You'll marry me, Judy?"

rabbits, Judith tried, with the conscientious application of a tractor-driver tating, to apply her mother's teaching. But it all seemed rather silly, and she had an uncomfortable suspicion that John was laughing at her.

He said to her one afternoon as they sat in a paddock sweet with newly-mown hay. "Why do you strive to be something you can never be?" His arms were around her, and he kissed her, while her young body trembled like the throat of the thrush trilling in the woods.

As they strolled through the dusk to the station, John whispered huskily: "You'll marry me, Judy?"

She was silent. Warm with desire, facing the fact that this man wanted her, for the first time she realised what her mother meant; realised how easy it would be to make a sentimental fool of herself.

YET she felt she couldn't tolerate life without him. She clung to him in the shadows, and presently answered shakily: "I don't know, John. Give me time. Don't spoil to-night"—her voice was almost a prayer—"Let's always remember to-day . . ."

Misty-eyed, she was remembering now; and the resolution came to her that she must never spoil it. She'd go into marriage open-eyed and confident, or not at all. And she wouldn't drift. John should have his answer by the week-end. She'd marry him or she gulped—she would never see him again.

She looked in to bid her mother good-night; and at almost the same time the hospital down the road was receiving Mr. and Mrs. Jobson. Judith had never heard of the old couple; yet . . .

Judith saw the Jobsons next morning in the small ward opposite her laboratory. She could see the old man sitting by his wife's bed. At times he actually clutched the seat of his chair, as if afraid of being removed by force. When nurses told him he must go his wrinkled face looked up in bewilderment, and he agreed; but he wouldn't leave his wife.

Judith heard a probationer say to the dark nurse: "The old gentle-

man won't go." Nurse said to the blonde sister, "Jobson's rather a nuisance." And having exhausted her tact, the sister told Matron: "We simply can't move him!" So Matron rustled down the corridor.

She came out of the ward glowing, leaving Jobson still in possession. "He's so diffident, scared, and helpless," Matron told the House Surgeon; "and so extraordinarily tenacious!"

Judith's respect for Jobson increased when the surgeon himself retired baffled. With eyes twinkling he stalked along the corridor by the side of the spherical matron. "Our Mr. Jobson," explained the surgeon, "hasn't been separated from his Martha for forty-two years come next harvest; and he isn't a-going to leave her now." He added, smiling: "Make up a bed in the medical ward . . . It won't be for long."

Jobson stayed, and in that strange and terrifying beehive of starched efficiency, pungent odors, and glinting instruments, the old man turned naturally to the youthful friendliness of Judith Norris.

Always when she raised her eyes, she could see him through the open doors. Hour after hour he sat there motionless; waiting. From a bald and wrinkled dome his gentle eyes looked down at the woman lying there in a coma. Her large, coarse hands lay at rest on the bed; and on her ashen face was the promise of death.

On the second day of his watch Judith invited the old man in for a cup of tea. He edged into the room. His pale old eyes travelled over the white smock, the red lips, the burnished hair of the girl standing smiling before him. "You a nurse?" He spoke timorously, as if afraid of being beguiled from his vigil.

"They call me 'the kid that looks after the swabs,'" Judith answered him truthfully. "I'm harmless. Come right in." She lifted the kettle from the Bunsen burner and made tea.

After which Jobson came in daily for a few moments. Shyly, pausing inquiringly from time to time, as if afraid of boring Judith, he would talk about his Martha.

Please turn to Page 18

JOHN
SANTRY

The Clean Wineglass

A fascinating mystery story, in which clues that seem to be obvious lead in the wrong direction.

THE best description I can give of Sebastian Quin is that he was an enthusiast of the bizarre, and an analyst of crime in its most weird and freakish manifestations. A man of comfortable means, he devoted his time to the dissecting of criminals' minds. His reputation was not merely European, but world-wide; men and women came to consult him from the ends of the earth. His friendship was the greatest honor that any man could have, and I counted myself singularly fortunate in being allowed to share his confidence.

On the night that this story may be said to have opened, Quin and I had been to a dinner of the Friday Club at Viviani's, that justly celebrated Regent Street restaurant. It

had been a most mentally stimulating evening for me, one reason being that I had been seated next to a Professor Broomshaw, whose conversation had proved brilliant in the extreme.

Walking home I asked Sebastian Quin what he knew about this man. The reply was short.

"A fellow of wonderful attainments, I understand."

"I should imagine so—he was the most fascinating conversationalist I think I have ever met," I replied.

By this time we had reached one of those quiet streets lying at the back of the Albert Hall. Outside a house Quin stopped.

"Since you evidently have a liking for men who can talk so well," observed my companion, somewhat sardonically it struck me at the time, "I want to introduce you to another member of the Friday Club. Sir Oliver Dilke wasn't at the dinner to-night on account of a bad cold, but as he is always a latish bird I do not

think he will have gone to bed. We'll go in."

Then a startling thing occurred. From the door outside which we were standing a servant came rushing like a man whom fear had driven mad.

Quin seized his arm.

"Matthews!" he said peremptorily. "What is the matter?"

The butler stared uncomprehendingly for a moment. Then he appeared to recognise my companion.

"Matter, Mr. Quin," he stammered, "matter enough. Heaven knows! Sir Oliver—" he choked.

"Sir Oliver's dead!" he said.

The slight figure of Quin stiffened.

"Dead?" he exclaimed. "When?"

"Just now, sir. I went into the library to wish Sir Oliver good-night, and to say that I had locked up—that was my rule, Mr. Quin—and when I got into the room—"

He stopped for a moment to get a fresh control over himself.

"Steady yourself, man," said my companion sternly.

"It wasn't a horrible death, Mr. Quin. It was just as though he had passed away while he was reading. But there was a startled look on his face—"

"Why are you rushing out of the house like this?" Quin

snapped the question. By his expression I knew that he was deeply stirred. A man who had died quietly in his chair, and yet had a startled look on his face—

"I was going to fetch a doctor—and the police, Mr. Quin. We aren't on the telephone—you know how old-fashioned Sir Oliver was in some of his ideas."

"Yes, that's true. Well, go for the police and the nearest doctor. You haven't touched the body?"

"No—no, sir," replied the shuddering butler; "I ran

straight out, sir, after I found—him dead."

"That was very sensible of you," Sebastian Quin's humor could be grim on occasion. "You had better come with me, Huish," he said to me. "I may just have time to look round before some blundering constable arrives."

Quin evidently knew his way about the house, for he walked straight towards the room in which the dead man had been found. A cheerful fire was still burning in the grate; there was a cosy atmosphere; but looting back in a study chair which had been drawn up to the library table was a dead man.

"Shut the door, Huish," said Quin, "and keep guard over it until I have a look round."

Quin moved about, disturbing nothing but seeing everything, I knew. I noticed him linger over three articles which were on the table besides the book. These three articles were respectively:

A wineglass that had evidently been drunk out of, since there was still a little red wine left at the bottom of the glass.

A clean wineglass.

A large and exquisite mounted butterfly, its wings black, and with beautifully traced white borders.

Whilst Quin was examining this fine specimen through a magnifying glass, there came a sudden knock on the door.

Please turn to Page 20

By SYDNEY HORLER

Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

Her lovely face was distraught. Quin took her outstretched hands between his own.

FASHION PORTFOLIO

July 20, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

LOVELY GOWNS

*to make leisure-time
a glamor-time*

● At the left, ice-blue chiffon for a glamorous negligee-cum-teagown with low, square neck and yards of pleated ruffling from neck to hem.

● The second charmer favors that informal classic — white blouse, red cummerbund, and blue skirt alliance.



● A lovely dress for dinner at home. Acid-green jersey for the primly-buttoned jacket-top with a flowing skirt featuring yards and yards of rose-cyclamen jersey.

● Crisply youthful housecoat with a faintly old-fashioned air. It is made of deepest green taffeta and trimmed with quaint ribbon, featuring striped edge and flowery centre. (Right.)

ARISTOCRATIC PELTRY *takes on new elegance*

● On these chillsome mid-winter days the subtle flattery of furs has no fashion equal. The newest models show a delightful versatility—and a superb sophistication. Silhouettes are loose and straight-hanging, shoulders perked out and pelts more cunningly handled than ever before.



● Rich swirls of natural cross fox, fashioned by Bradleys into a chunky little jacket, matching up with the tan velvet toque, and worn over a simple black frock.



● Mink-dyed kolinsky for a new version of the popular box jacket. Notice the flattering, wide shoulder-line and the twisted band of matching fur on the fetching little felt hat. (Bottom right.)

+ + +

● The season's most popular fur, sheared beaver, in a nonchalant swagger with skins exquisitely shaded from a deep brown to a gleaming silver birchbark. (Top left.)

+ + +

● Schiaparelli's loose, knuckle-length coat of summer ermine with a rakishly tip-tilted hat to match. With it a plain black frock and black antelope accessories. (Bottom left.)

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS



SENT FROM LONDON
BY MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by PETROV

● LOVELY evening sandal in patent and dark green suede, featuring the new "invisible" wedge, so called because from the back view it looks just like an ordinary stilet heel. (1.)

● A DRAMATIC shoe with the latest gouged-out heel which extends into a platform under the arch. Inspired by the Dutch clog, it is made of brown suede with contrast pipings. This is a very popular style as it gives greater support to the foot. (2.)

● A SLEEK shoe of moss-green elastised suede with "half nelson" heel of curved metal. A sensational accessory for the new "covered-up" evening gowns. (3.)

● THE PROJECTING HEEL gives a lightened, yet forward, springing effect in patent leather on a suede sandal. (4.)

● "PELICAN BILL" heel on a black suede sandal with red stitching. The heel is sometimes accented with a lining of bright red snake. (5.)

● FOR INFORMAL evenings the street-length frock is very popular. This one, long-sleeved, but décolleté, is of heavy maroon, with little cape to cover the low-cut top. Both cape and dress are trimmed by shirred bands of crepe. (6.)

● PARIS FASHIONS revive the loose, bulky tweed coat. Here is a current favorite in grey herringbone tweed, fastened at the neck by giant link buttons of red leather. Wide box-pleats on either side of the full back cross the shoulder and taper to a triangle at the waist in front. (7.)

● IDEAL for evening or sports wear, the surplice sweater is the popular craze. The point of it is its simplicity—one sleeve and shoulder and a wide band to cross the bust and back diagonally. The other side is made the same way so that when they are pulled on the two parts of the bodice crisscross, leaving the midriff bare. A popular color combination features pale pink and burgundy. (8.)

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and overseas fashion photos. Price from 3/6.

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F1789.—Full-skirted frock with interesting bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1984.—Dramatic evening style with gathered top. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5 to 5½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/9.

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Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• **BRIDESMAID** Sylvia Patterson (right) gives careful attention to veil worn by her sister Lorna just before she weds Norman Coote at St. Anne's, Strathfield.



• **INTRODUCING** Sandra Jaques as flower seller. Her customer is Madame Doucet, at Theatre Royal charity matinee.



• **SMALL MICHAEL WILSON** surveys the world from the arms of his godmother, Mrs. John Bambach, at his christening at All Saints'. His brother Derrick looks on.



• **LADY WAKEHURST** takes afternoon tea with Mrs. H. L. Peinrose after informal visit to soldiers at Graythwaite hospital.

Johnny's no sissy...

MUCH applause at Theatre Royal charity matinee for fifty small Day Nursery children who sing National Anthem as curtain raiser. Only forty infants were chosen, but when they tumbled out of taxis at theatre it is discovered ten more have smuggled in.

I go backstage to see if any have stage fright. None. Am informed by the leader of the band—five-year-old Johnny, of Woolloomooloo Nursery—that if there are any women in the audience he's not appearing.

"I'm no sissy. Nicholson can take over," says Johnny, indicating his cymbal-crasher, aged almost six.

Johnny has to be assured there are no women present before the show goes on.

International flavor...

CONTINUOUS stream of internationals drop in at Petty's Hotel on Wednesday to support Netherlands Relief Fund.

Buffet tea and dancing keeps party in full swing from 5.30 till 9 p.m. Consul-General and Madame Schuurman welcome guests. . . diminutive Madame Schuurman taking opportunity to sell tickets for return trip to Java for two shillings.

Elaine Bakker and Deetje Andriess also sell lucky tickets to swell funds. Joy Macarthur peddles flowers. . . finds willing purchaser in Charlie Brown, who is accompanied by Mrs. Brown.

Attractive Mrs. Van der Mandele assists in entertaining 100 guests, who include Sir Thomas and Lady Gordon, the Gilly Krygers, Claude Westons, Mrs. J. Whitton Flynn.

Concert coffee...

HOT coffee at interval warms the old cockles and augments proceeds at celebrity orchestral concert, Town Hall. Brightest spot in foyer are Mrs. Doug Levy's long scarlet gloves. Worn with all black. Mrs. Philip Pring sweeps by in lily-of-the-valley green brocade, accompanied by daughter Sheila.

Noreen Dangar drapes black velvet coat over peacock-blue gown. Margaret Doyle is in green velvet and Chinese coat.

Planist Beatrice Tange, Pip Street, Sheila Carter and fiance John Appleton also among audience.

Children need care...

SO much work is being done for war funds these days, I hear that children of free kindergartens are being overlooked, so make point of going to card afternoon at Prince's in aid of Phoenix Kindergarten, Balmain.

President Marie Stirling energetically seeing that 200 are seated. Say "Hello" to Mrs. B. B. O'Connor, who is concentrating on bridge. Spy her sister, Enid Halloran, at nearby table.

Mollie Human, swathed in grey foxes, and Ruth Walker in same party.

Spy also Joyce Carpenter, Joy Jolley, Nuttie Kennedy, and three smart young matrons Mesdames Alf Morgan, Emmett McDermott, Geoff Plater.

Seen around town...

REGULAR twosome. . . John Allison and Barbara Davies.

City in a store...

LADY JULIUS is looking forward to the exhibition of Sir George Julius' model city at David Jones' next month as a sort of family reunion. She tells me that as she spends all day at Lord Mayor's Fund office and as Sir George is dismantling the model from early morn till late at night they seldom meet.

Lady Julius has been elected president of committee organising exhibition, which is in aid of Lord Mayor's Fund, kindergartens, and nurseries.

Opening date probably will be August 14.

Part of the model city, which has so often been shown at the Julius' Darling Point home for charities, has already been transferred to D.J.'s. It will take weeks of hard work to get it finished in time.

Looks like being successful show, as organisers include Lady Wakehurst, Lady Jordan, Sir Norman and Lady Nock, Sir Alfred Davidson, and Mrs. J. L. Ruthven.

"Hello girls" busy...

CONGRATULATIONS to Sydney's telephonists. They have raised almost £800 for their war fund, and it is only six weeks since organising committee was formed.

They started with £500 for an ambulance as object. Now they're well on the way towards two ambulances.

Most recent money-raiser is dance at Chicken Inn. President Mrs. Arnold Johnson receives guests. I arrive and find them having great fun in a mystery barn dance. . . Violet Coombes, Marie McConnell, Joan Warmishan, Ethel Balfour and Valerie Macnamara taking part.

This Tuesday there is card party at Carlton Hotel, arranged by Billie George.

Retford Hall bridge...

DROP in at Retford Hall at morning-tea time and find Mrs. Harry Meeks, Mrs. Bill Dawson, and Bea Meeks energetically arranging tables for large-scale bridge party to be held same afternoon in aid of Industrial Blind.

More than 200 players. Include Lady Davidson, Mesdames J. O. Meeks, Roy Buckland, Lionel McFadyen, Gilbert Pratten, Bill Macpherson, Percy Arnott, Henry Charles Osborne.

Diamonds and foxes...

DIAMOND wedding-ring this Saturday, July 20, for blonde, blue-eyed mannequin Beth Mackay. Bridegroom Lieut. Reg Wunderlich is also giving her pair of silver foxes.

Beth will carry orchids grown by her sister, Mrs. J. S. Cockle, of Lismore. Ceremony takes place at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

Did you know?...

W.A.N.S. are urgently in need of office furnishings—desks, typewriters, chairs, floor coverings—for headquarters in O'Connell Street.

Goldie Laidley Dowling did V.A. work in London.

Betty Harrison and Rollo Cooke surprise friends by arranging wedding to take place exactly a week after announcing engagement. Betty hurriedly plans full bridal array and fits in several pre-wedding parties.



• **PIECES OF GOLD.** Mrs. Jimmy Bancks admires gold mesh bags presented by Lady Gouwie and Lady Wakehurst to Red Cross Race Meeting Art Union.



• **NEWLY-ENGAGED** Jocelyn Poynter (fiance is Cedric Hughes) helps Jean Lightfoot Walker decide what to lead. . . card party in aid of Phoenix Kindergarten.



• **JUST MARRIED.** Ralph E. Smith, of Canada, and his attractive bride, Laurie Arnott. Wed at St. Philip's.



• **HANDKERCHIEF TEA** for Nola Gough (left), who marries Dr. Ken Hill this Thursday. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mervyn Gough, is hostess at Prince's.

WALT DISNEY'S "PINOCCHIO" characters now on KRAFT SWANKY-SWIG

re-usable
glasses



YES! Kraft Swanky-Swig re-usable glasses are now decorated with favourite characters from Pinocchio, Walt Disney's latest film triumph! There's little Pinocchio himself, Jiminy Cricket, Geppetto, the Blue Fairy with some of the words from the songs they sing.

First you serve the delicious Kraft Spreads from these gay glasses... Kraft Spread Cheese, Kraft Sandwich Relish, Kraft Savoury Relish and Kraft Mayonnaise. And when the glasses are empty, you can use them over and over again for dozens of things! Get a start on your collection of these new Swanky-Swigs right away!



KRAFT MAYONNAISE
is made from the finest quality ingredients, blended to mellow, creamy smooth deliciousness. In 5-oz. Swanky-Swig glasses.



KRAFT SPREAD CHEESE
has a rich and zesty cheese flavour... spreads in a jiffy for sandwiches or tasty savouries. In 5-oz. Swanky-Swig glasses.



KRAFT SAVOURY RELISH
a delicious relish made from cream cheese, sweet pickles, with spices and apple cider vinegar. In 5-oz. Swanky-Swig glasses.



KRAFT SANDWICH RELISH
a pungent spicy spread with a mayonnaise base. Great for sandwiches, on biscuits, or to add new flavour to salads. In 5-oz. Swanky-Swig glasses.

ASK FOR **KRAFT SPREADS**
IN
Swanky-Swig
RE-USABLE GLASSES

with the new Walt Disney designs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



"Sons of Australia, steady and strong"

SMALL REPRODUCTION of our fine colored cover by Virgil which was used as a basis for the design of the new war stamp.

Our cover inspires new war stamp

A cover of The Australian Women's Weekly inspired the new Commonwealth stamp being issued to commemorate Australia's participation in the war.

THE cover, which was the work of the noted Australian artist, Virgil Reilly, appeared on our issue of October 21, 1939. It showed the head of an Australian woman, in front of which stood an Australian sailor, soldier, and airman.

On the stamp, which will be issued this week, the woman's head is that of a Red Cross nurse. Artist Virgil is sorry about the change.

"My idea," he said, "was to show the Australian woman representing the home and family with her protectors, the three armed forces of the Commonwealth."

"A nurse is part of those forces; she does not represent the home front which they protect."



WAR STAMP adapted from cover drawing by Virgil. The stamp will be on sale this week.

The artist's beautiful fair-haired wife was his model for the lovely head in the original cover drawing.

The stamp will appear in four denominations, 1d., 2d., 3d., and 6d. Virgil Reilly has a flair for inspirational drawings and cartoons.

Four years ago, in 1936, he won an international peace cartoon competition conducted by the famous Paris evening newspaper, "Le Soir."

Nurse's Hongkong romance

The romance of Australian Mrs. Ian Adam, one of the several recent brides among British women who left Hongkong, was several times interrupted by war, or rumor of war.

MRS. ADAM was formerly Miss Maude Walsh, a Sydney nurse, and her husband, Mr. Ian Adam, is a Scottish naval officer. Their marriage on June 6 at Hongkong took place almost a year after the date they had originally planned.

Mrs. Adam, who had been living with her sister, Mrs. Harold Broken-shire, in Hongkong, met her fiancé there, and they intended to be married last year.

Threat of international trouble made Mrs. Broken-shire's husband decide to send his wife and baby son home to Australia last August, and Miss Walsh came with them.

"My sister intended to return to Hongkong for her marriage last September," said Mrs. Broken-shire to The Australian Women's Weekly.

"She had her passage booked, the wedding-cake was made, and even

the flowers for her bridal bouquet were to be flown over to her by plane from Sydney.

"Then the ship in which she had a passage was taken off the run and she could not obtain another berth till April.

"By that time her fiancé's ship was on war duty in the merchant marine.

"Eventually my sister arrived in Hongkong on May 5, but she had to wait until June 6 before her fiancé arrived, and then they were married.

"They had only ten days' honeymoon, and then Ian went off to sea again.

"Then came the present critical situation. At first my sister wanted to enlist for service as a nurse in Hongkong, but her husband thought she should return to Australia," said Mrs. Broken-shire.

(See photo on Page 3.)

I SOON
DISCOVERED THE
ADVANTAGES OF
ZEBO



says Mrs. I. AGUTTER
48 Inglethorpe St., London, S.W.6

"ZEBO LIQUID STOVE POLISH? Of course I use it; it gets my stove and grates done so much quicker and easier."

Just shake a little on to a cloth or brush, give the stove or grate a brisk polish and it sparkles. With Zebo there's no need for elaborate preparations. Use it straight from the tin—no waste, saves time. Zebo lasts a long while, too!



ZEBO

Also ZEBRA
In Paste and Packets

The Modern Polish
for Stoves and Grates



WHAT A LOVELY
SHADE OF POLISH
—WHAT IS IT?

L'ONGLEX-
GIPSY—
ITS ENGLISH AND
COSTS ONLY 6D

Smart English Polish now
available in Australia.

Don't trust your nails to unknown polishes. Use L'onglex, the famous English polish. It wears for days without chipping or fading, and its shades are always fashion-right!



L'onglex
CREME POLISH
(11 shades)
NAIL PROTECTOR
CUTICLE REMOVER
POLISH REMOVER per bottle

By Far Too
Fat and Flabby
OVERWEIGHT,
CONSTIPATED PEOPLE

The longer you suffer constipation, the more unhealthy fat you are likely to pile on. When digestive wastes are not disposed regularly they get absorbed into the blood stream. Flabby fat forms, and you wonder why you look and feel bloated and unwell. Permanent food poisons cause flatulence, sick headaches, indigestion, pimples, bad breath, vague pains and depression.

For correcting constipation you would take a more pleasant and gentle laxative than Pinkettes. Besides strengthening and expediting the digestive tract, these little pills help the liver to keep a proper supply of bile flowing, which is essential for the easy, regular evacuation of food wastes. Get a 1/2 bottle of Pinkettes to-day, and see how effectively and pleasantly they dispel constipation, unhealthy fat, pimples, bad breath. At all chemists and stores.

THIS GIRL CAN SHOOT BULL'S-EYES



BULL'S-EYE—and she's proud of it. Miss Audrey Moseley, of the Yorkshire Small Bore Rifle Club, at Victoria Barracks, Sydney, demonstrates her skill. Miss Moseley is one of the 15 women who are members of the club.

MORE and more Australian women are saying they would like to learn to shoot. At the Yorkshire Small Bore Rifle Club, at Victoria Barracks, Sydney, there are women members whom club experts are willingly instructing in the handling and use of rifles. One demonstrates in these pictures the thoroughness of the training.



NEVER HANDLE rifle without making certain breech is open, and rifle unloaded. Never point it haphazardly.



CORRECT way to hold rifle. Instruction soon cures any fear of firearms.



USUAL position, which can first be practised at a table. Head is lowered to where the right eye is in line with rear sight, foresight, and target.



POSITION for standing shot. Rifle-shooters wear loose jacket, padded at right shoulder and elbow and on left arm. Padded left glove helps.

An Editorial

JULY 20, 1940

SALUTE TO THE W.A.N.S.



AUSTRALIA is going to like the W.A.N.S. (Women's Australian National Services).

Already this new word added to our war vocabulary means something. It stands for the strength and resolution of our women in winning the war.

Nearly 10,000 women got behind the movement at the inaugural meeting at Sydney Town Hall.

When recruiting opened in N.S.W. more than 4000 women joined up immediately.

The Women's Army is to be established in other States and the Wans move on to further success.

From the very outset there was no doubting the attitude of Australian women to the movement. With the speed of a blitzkrieg they got themselves organised. Within the next months they hope to be a hundred thousand strong.

What a lesson in morale the women of Australia have given to the nation in this regard.

Think of Finland's heroic Lotta Svärd, the heroic women of England, and place our own beside them as of equally strong spirit and high morale.

Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking to Dominion soldiers of the fall of the Maginot Line, said: "It's not blocks of concrete that will win the war, but men." And behind the men must be the morale of a nation's women undismayed by disaster and fearlessly active in the cause of ultimate victory.

The W.A.N.S. epitomise this win-the-war spirit in Australia. The morale of the fighting forces must be immeasurably strengthened by the thought that women from 17 to 70, their mothers, wives and sweethearts, are also marching in an organised army doing war work on the home front.

The history of pioneering this country has been that wherever there has been a man there has been a woman by his side. In war as in peace our women have rung true.

—THE EDITOR.

LETTERS from the A.I.F.

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. are of interest to all other Australians.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

From Lieutenant Dermot Joyce, former Queensland law student, with the third contingent:

"We have found a new game—acrobatics. It is played by shoving a piece of cardboard in the electric fan of our cabin. Has no point or sense, but is a diversion."

"We spend most of the day working up till 9.30 at lectures. At one of the ports the first day ashore I fell for flying picket. Started at 2 p.m., and finally got aboard again at 4.45 the following morning."

"It is a most exciting job, mainly to keep order in town and get the boys home to their ship. To do same I had 30 of my men and 30 New Zealanders, who are a fine type of men. The boys for the most part were extremely well behaved."

From an A.I.F. member in Palestine to Miss Meryl Warcham, Auburn, N.S.W.

"We left the ship at night in the Suez Canal, when a hot meal was prepared for us. Then we travelled all night by train, finishing the journey by motor bus. The camp is a town of tents in undulating country."

"There are many orange orchards here. The oranges are twice as large as ours. The natives sweep them for cigarettes."

"We often go for long route marches and have all sorts of military manoeuvres and gun practice. We were digging trenches part of last week."

"We have had rather wet weather lately, and the soil here sticks to one's boots and by the time we march a few yards we are several inches higher."

From an Australian airman with the R.A.F. in England to his mother and brothers in a Victorian country town:

"LAST week was an outstanding one. I met the King and also Essie Ackland, and concluded a month in which the squadron more than doubled the number of flying hours of any month, even in the piping days of peace."

"Yes, the King came along with half a dozen officers, looking a real man in his uniform and many medals. He had a spot and a lag, then lunch, after which all flying crews paraded in the hangar and he had a word with us all. Wanted to know how long we'd been here, etc., had we all been together since the beginning of the doing, how many operational trips had we done. When we told him he said something about our being a bunch of young veterans."

"Last time I saw the King back home he gave us a half-holiday, but he didn't do anything this time. It being our turn, we had to fly that night."

"On Wednesday an E.N.S.A. concert party arrived, quite a good party, and one of them was Essie Ackland. Well, Essie was tickled to death to meet half a dozen of the troops from her own fair land, and we all had quite a yarn with her."

"Naughts and crosses to you all out there."

Winnie the war winner



"But you said—AIM AT THE BULL'S EYE"

A trooper with the first contingent to his sister in Hamilton, Vic.:

"LAST week seven of us had to go out on a job and we slept the night in a graveyard—rather a queer place to sleep."

"There was a sheikh's tomb there, and in this we stowed our gear and played cards."

"Never in my life did I imagine I would ever play cards in a tomb and crawl into my blankets in a graveyard."

"The boys in camp were highly amused when we told them about it. Of course we told them we had seen ghosts in the night and other queer things, and put over quite a good story."

"I was rather glad to get back to camp, because the sand and insects out there were pretty awful. Half of our food consisted of sand. Still, it was an experience."

From a W.A. corporal in charge of a battalion's mail with the third contingent (in camp in N.S.W.):

"I GOT your very welcome letter this morning. It was near the top of the bundle, and everything stopped when I came across it."

(On board the troopship.)

"I am sitting in my post office now. It was formerly a beauty shop and I am surrounded by mirrors. I am looking out a doorway from here and straight over the stern gun to the bow of the next ship, which is loaded well down in the water, while the other ships plunge along behind."

"It is lovely at night with the moon and stars out in all their glory. Soon we will be leaving the Southern Cross behind..."

An ambulance man with the first contingent in Palestine to his girl-friend in Bondi, N.S.W.:

"HERE I am with you again, full of beans (haricot beans). What wouldn't I give to have some green peas here beside me now."

"I had my closest reminder of home since we have been here, to-day. We had a swimming parade to the coast, not far from our camp. It was rather a good little beach and a capital surf."

"I was damped well and truly, so that will show you it was quite some surf. The only troubles were we had only an hour or so to swim, no time for sunbaking—and it wasn't Bondi."

Private J. M. Lyall, now in England, to his wife, Mrs. Gladys Lyall, of Gormanston, Tas.:

"THIS is a swell trip with swell fittings. We have plenty of hot baths, so it is better than being in camp."

"We get our beer for five-pence a pint, but by the time a man battles his way to the bar he is too tired to lift it up to his lips."

"We have plenty of sport on board, gloves, quoits, and medicine ball, so we should be in fair nick when we land."

"I am anxiously waiting to hear how the kiddies got on in their examinations."

"Tell them to keep the old flag flying. I wish the boys could be here to show me around, as I often get lost."

"Tell Stan the sailors are marks. I wish I could see you and the kiddies to tell you all about the trip, but perhaps it will be all the better for keeping until we've won the war."

From a W.A. telegraphist with the Navy, to Mrs. Davis, 79 Weston St., Carlisle, W.A.

"WE have been at sea 34 days out of 35, but we pulled into port for one day, so I will tell you what we did."

"Jack and I changed our Aussie money and the native taxi-drivers fought over which vehicle we would travel in. However, after much talk we landed in the township and had a stroll around, and finished up in a native eating house."

"Did we have a job trying to tell them we wanted steak and eggs, but we got them all right!"

"We went to the native shops to buy some things which I am dying to bring home."

"One of them is something we have tried to get for a long time, Mother. Guess what?"

"Well, it is a beautiful set of butterflies, and only cost 4/-. They are beauties."

A letter from an Englishman with the A.I.F. in Palestine to a new pen-friend:

"HERE'S your new 'baby.' You can mother him to your heart's content."

"Although he is fond of telling others he is just one of those cold-blooded Englishmen, he is not so aloof and independent as he tries to make out."

"Is really in need of somebody to correspond with in this country he has come to love so well, and is glad to don a uniform to do something. He happens to be like thousands of others—a lonely soldier."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



MATHEMATICIAN who couldn't catch up with himself



Fairy story that isn't a fairy story ... but it's got a wizard!

There once was a brilliant young student called George Windbag, who over-studied and came to be regarded as being a bit queer.

One day he was idly counting his fingers when he noticed that if he counted them backwards his little finger became his thumb.

PRESSING on with his researches Windbag made a discovery which finally unbalanced him completely.

He was standing on a corner one day, thinking deeply.

"While I stand here," he muttered, "I am taking up a certain amount of space. If I move away I leave this space behind me and occupy another space. What then becomes of the space which I have just vacated?"

"Obviously it must still be there,

otherwise how did I get into it in the first place? The space I am taking up now must be exactly my shape and size. If, on the other hand, the space I just vacated and which is the same size as me is not there, where is it?"

"If I have taken it with me I must have left a vacuum behind, and since this is absurd I am forced to the conclusion that where I was I am still, only that I am not there."

I am sure that you'll agree that this state of affairs would be enough to worry anybody.

By

L. W. LOWER



Australia's
Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Windbag consulted a herbalist. "I think I can partially fix your troubles," said the herbalist.

"Only partially!" gasped Windbag.

"I am a fully-qualified wizard," said the herbalist: "herbs are just a side-line with me, but I must admit that yours is a very difficult case. I can, however, arrange things so that wherever you were you are, and at the same time you will be with yourself while you are away, so to speak. Drink this."

(This is getting very involved, isn't it? Stick to it.)

The moment he drank the potion, Windbag saw himself coming up the stairs.

"That is your space-self made visible," explained the herbalist. "He won't be much trouble to you because you will always be a space in front of him. That will be four guineas."

"He'll pay," said Windbag.

"Who?" asked the herbalist.

"Him," replied Windbag. "He's me." He then left.

The hidden truth

NOW the herbalist being a busy man had not considered fully the effects of the potion on George Windbag.

As a trained scientist George knew that the only place he could not meet himself would be some place where he'd never been before, and naturally, as he'd never been to those places, he had no idea where they were.

So he went to his club and sat down to think things over. Then he saw himself entering the room.

"Hello, George," he said, approaching himself. "How am I? I thought you were—or I was—playing billiards?"

"Were I?" said George.

"Of course I was!"

"This can't go on!" said George firmly. "You, sir, are a usurper, am I not?"

"I'm afraid we are."

"Supposing I strangled me—would I then be left in peace? That wizened man in the corner with the filthy smirk on his face also follows me wherever I go."

"He gets in the way. He exercises a most debasing and demoralising effect on me. He is a fearful, timid, blustering, whispering, anaemic!"

"Tush! That is our conscience!"

"That! That flabby thing! Is it he who follows me about whispering, nodding, prohibiting, urging, insinuating, suggesting and generally mucking up my whole life? I will defy him!"

"George," said George to George. "Have you ever heard of split-personality? A form of recurrent amnesia. Do you realise, George, that we are sitting on the box-seat, to put it vulgarly? While you are signing the time-book, punching the bunty clock, and saying 'Yes, sir, to the Boss, your real self has gone to the races with Carole Lombard and Marlene Dietrich.'"

"Is that what's wrong with me?" said poor George softly. "Can it be mathematically proved—?"

"Best thing we can do is to get together," said George. "All of

"That is your space-self made visible," said the herbalist. "You will always be a space in front of him."

"Then we will all be me?"

"All of us."

"That puts me back where I was before, then? Really, I'm very glad. I take it that we are now me?"

"Precisely."

"I am content," said George.

And the strange thing about all this was that George, the erstwhile

mathematician, forgot how to count. This made him very happy.

Moral: If you can't count, you don't worry about what you haven't got much of.

Read this all over again. Yes, ALL of it. You will find a great truth sticking out somewhere and it will comfort you.

How can you get that PERFECT FIGURE

WITH her lovely slim figure and without an ounce of surplus fat anywhere—she's a perfect picture of health and fitness. Her secret for healthy slimness is quite simple—just a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They eliminate fat-forming residue daily, and by toning up the system give you radiant health and a lovely clear complexion.

So if you want to regain those graceful slender lines, and to look your best in your new winter outfit, start taking Bile Beans to-night.

By taking

BILE BEANS



"For my professional work it is necessary to maintain a slender, well-proportioned figure. I find there's nothing so good as Bile Beans at bedtime for preventing unwanted fat. They keep me in splendid health, and my figure slim and attractive."—Miss K. Streetfield.

"Without dieting or exercising, nightly Bile Beans have reduced my weight by 13 pounds, and I never felt so well. Now I've found the secret of keeping slim, never again will I be without Bile Beans."—Mrs. E. Fairley.

MOST ACCIDENTS OCCUR AT NIGHT!



POLICE records show that most accidents occur during the "wee sma' hours" . . . so play safe and carry a torch when you go out at night. Never in the way, but indispensable in an emergency, its friendly beam of light prevents stumbling and fumbling in the dark, saves time and temper. You can get a genuine Eveready Flashlight anywhere for a few shillings and "factory fresh" Eveready Flashlight Refills are obtainable everywhere.

Illustrated is one of the new Eveready Standard Line Flashlights, No. 3773, 2-cell Focusing Spotlight, 12-inch Reflector.

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

FLASHLIGHTS ★ REFILLS

● EVEREADY (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

T43-1368

"A REAL good woman, Miss. Never happy 'cept when doing somethin' for somebody." And, with a doleful shake of the head, "En, it's a pity we ever came to town."

It transpired that Martha, down on the first holiday for fifteen years, had collapsed in front of a taxi. "Getting old, Miss; and her heart ain't too good. That's why we sold the shop." Then Jobson would tell of the little place with a bit of garden and a few fowls which he had bought on their retirement. And when Judith thought of him returning there alone her own perplexities for the time being seemed almost trivial.

She learned to admire this old man who was bearing his hurt bravely—even with a ghastly smile more terrible than gentle tears. But the burden of waiting was telling. It had painted a dark mesh around

his eyes, and when he put down a cup his hand trembled so that it rattled on the saucer.

"You must sleep more," Judith warned him; "or you'll be making yourself ill."

He glanced at her, astonished. "But I got to be there," he told her earnestly. "You see, she might only wake for a minute, Miss. I got to be there."

The bacterial rods that Judith was examining grew suddenly blurred. She had read Mrs. Jobson's medical history; had seen the X-ray plates; had heard the nurses talking. She told him gently: "I wouldn't count on Mrs. Jobson waking up—not even for a minute."

The old man paused by the laboratory door. His usually halting voice rang with conviction. "But

she will wake up," he cried. "I know she will." As the day dragged on, Judith would see the old man still watching, still waiting.

That afternoon, by the staff-room fire, she asked the sister-in-charge if there was the remotest chance of Mrs. Jobson recovering consciousness. There was none. She would slip out quietly, probably that night.

But on Friday morning the woman still breathed. Jobson still waited. Judith still pondered. Though she had promised John his answer by to-morrow's post she was still undecided. She ached for him, but felt there could be no compromise. She lacked the conviction she yearned for. Unless she achieved that conviction she would renounce him. There was always work . . . Friday afternoon came.

Judith was graphing a sugar curve when the scraping of a chair on polished floor diverted her attention. She looked across to the private ward.

Jobson had risen. Bent forward in his old tweed suit he stood watching Martha's closed lids intently, expectantly; and Judith, as if propelled by some power outside herself, moved like an automaton until she too stood by the bed.

Martha's eyes opened, and she looked out, unseeing. Then like the last bright flicker of a fusing lamp recognition lit her ashen face. She smiled, clutched Jobson's hand. The light went out.

And now in that silent room, with jubilation tempered by humility, Judith stood there with an ache in her throat. Rather a miracle—medical opinion confuted. X-ray

UNOPENED LETTER

*Throbbing with its little human message,
Shut behind the envelope,
its veil:
Till that's torn asunder,
there's no telling
What the secret of the morning mail.*

*Will it hold the symbols of a lover,
Intimately tender its contents,
Heralding perhaps a new promotion,
Or a composition of events?*

*Be it wish, or statement, or a ramble,
Waiting here its little tale to tell,
Welcome as the sunshine will I find it,
For I know the writing very well.*

—MARIE BAIRD.



Famous Painter Portrays Australian Loveliness

IMAGINE! I'm to have my portrait painted! It happened at the Garden Party. Uncle Robert said to Daddy: "If I had a daughter with a complexion like Laura's, I'd have it painted for posterity." And Uncle has hardly ever been known to pay a compliment to *anybody*.



IT'S TOO THRILLING. Who do you think is doing my portrait? None other than Sir John. I was just a little afraid I'd be self-conscious before such an august personage—he paints quite all of England's loveliest women. But he's really a dear.



AFTER THE VERY FIRST SITTING he asked me, quite seriously: "What is the secret of this perfect Australian complexion of yours?" "The same as the secret of the English complexion," I told him; "the Yardley complexion care!"

Generations of England's fairest women, celebrated for that unique loveliness "the English complexion", have followed the Yardley regimen of beauty. Lavender perfume, 3/- to 21/-. Soap 1/6. Face Powder 2/6 and 3/9. Also Creams, Cream Rouge, Lipstick and other preparations, at leading chemists and fine stores. Prices plus sales tax.

Write Section "A", Box 2713C, Sydney, for free Beauty Book.



YARDLEY LAVENDER



YARDLEY & COMPANY (PTY.) LIMITED, SYDNEY—And at 33 Old Bond Street, LONDON—NEW YORK—PARIS—TORONTO

evidence belied. An old man's conviction justified.

She saw, too, that in this changing world nothing endures. The spores on her laboratory slides, the gums on the lawn outside, even the soaring planets—all units in a perpetual pageant of change.

This passion of hers would also change. She would come to earth; the good, solid, fruitful earth. "But," she thought humbly, "let me find there a steadfastness, a comradeship and an understanding one half as fine as that of this old couple, then I shall be grateful."

She touched old Jobson's arm. "You told me," she whispered, "that your wife was always helping somebody. I wanted you to know that she has helped me more than I can ever tell."

With hands thrust into the pockets of her blue oilskin, Judith strolled reflectively home.

SHE found her mother still working, and with no great fear of the tirade she felt would follow, Judith announced simply: "I've decided to be married, Mother."

She stood unabashed by her mother's long, shrewd gaze, and presently the woman's tired features relaxed. With a flicker of hope and a stab of fear lest she be mistaken, Judith fancied she could see in the face before her something of contentment and relief; and it came to Judith that though Zara Norris had been called by many scathing names, none had ever deemed her mother a fool.

Could it be that this mother of hers, steeped in the perversities of human nature, had deliberately and over the years fed to her daughter those unsavoury surfeits of men and books and teaching, while all the time she had schemed and hoped for her daughter's mating with some solid, earthy man like John Wade? Those lovely poems her mother had burned . . . there must be another side to her. If . . . if only there were!

"I like the boy," Mrs. Norris was saying. "I think you'll be happy, Judy." Faintly smiling, Zara Norris was gazing dreamily into space.

Mrs. Norris was not a demonstrative woman, nor did she encourage sentiment; thus it was a rather timid daughter who sought herself by her mother's side.

"I think you're an awful humbug," ventured Judith, feeling happy enough to cry.

"It's taken you a dickens of a time to find that out," snapped Mrs. Norris. Her scarlet finger-nails pressed hard into Judith's hand.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"I thought you were MY girl friend. What was the idea of inviting Dick over last night and cooking dinner for him?"
 "But, darling, that shouldn't make you angry. After all it gave him indigestion."

Some NEW LAUGHS



WIFE: Present day clothes have a splendid finish, dear.
 HUSBAND: Perhaps so. It's the startling-price I object to.



"So you got one hundred pounds compensation from the man who ran over you! What have you done with the money?"
 "Bought a car."



"Will you give me a shilling for a bed, lady?"
 "I don't know. Let me see the bed first!"

Pimples Rash and Eczema

Quickly Yield To

Zam-Buk

If you have a rash, or a blotchy skin, or even stubborn eczema, don't fail to use Zam-Buk—in fact, don't neglect any skin trouble, however slight—just let Zam-Buk Ointment put it right.

Zam-Buk has been successfully used in millions of homes for half a century and it contains refined herbal oils which are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus Zam-Buk soothes away pain and irritation, kills disease germs, allays inflammation and gives you

A Smooth, Healthy Skin

So be sure to use Zam-Buk for all skin troubles.

Zam-Buk is unequalled for eczema, pimples, psoriasis, impetigo, bad legs, poisoned wounds, scald trouble, etc. Excellent, too, for sore, tired or aching feet and as a first-aid for cuts, bruises, burns and other injuries. Always keep Zam-Buk handy.



"The eczema on my leg burned and itched terribly. I couldn't bear anything to touch my skin, it was so inflamed. But Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief, gradually removed the eczema and made my leg healthy."—Mrs. M. McGarry.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

Get a Box of ZAM-BUK To-Day

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I ALWAYS laugh when I look at your hat, dear."
 "That's fine. I'll leave it beside the bill when it comes."

SOLDIER (overseas, to waitress):
 I want a hard-boiled egg, a burnt piece of toast, a cup of cold coffee. And will you please sit on the other side of the table and nag at me? I'm homesick.

"I WISH to marry your daughter, sir."
 "Oh, you do, do you? Can you support a family?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "But there are eight of us, you know."

BOSS: What fool told you to place those papers on that file?
 Typist: You did, sir!
 Boss: Well, leave them there, and take a week's notice for calling me a fool.

"MY son is doing well in the army. I've just heard he's been made a field marshal."
 "It's impossible dear. He's only been in the army six months."
 "Well, it must be a court martial."

LITTLE BOY (to elderly man):
 Please, sir, would you ring that bell for me?
 Old Man: Certainly, sonny! Now, what do we do?
 Little Boy: I'm going to run. You can please yourself.

S-O-S

A Nation's Call to Women

The Nation's requirements today demand all possible help from you in the way you best can serve. All leaders are agreed that the strength of the Empire depends on two things—all help possible in essential services—and a continuation and increase of effective business to provide the resources to enable most effective aid to the fighting forces.

In the next six months, upwards of half a million people will be required for essential services . . . and most of those must come from the ranks of the business world . . . yet business must be carried on too, both to provide the Nation's financial strength and to ensure a position afterwards for those men who serve under the colours.

So the Nation, Business, and the men who serve depend on You to "take over" and "carry on."

Here is the way you best can help

Women must fill many of the positions . . . Bookkeepers, Accountants, Private Secretaries, Salesmanship and Advertising . . . and to render effective aid, to be able to "carry on" without causing confusion and delay, every girl or woman who is prepared to help her country and the men who serve, should start now to train in BOOKKEEPING, ACCOUNTANCY, PRIVATE SECRETARSHIP, SALES- MANSHIP or ADVERTISING, in order that she may answer the call which will come—MUST COME—and WILL COME WITHIN SIX MONTHS.

Hemingway & Robertson have prepared a training plan to meet the needs of the

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To Hemingway & Robertson.

Please send me FREE copy of the new, illustrated, 100-page handbook, "The Guide to Careers in Business," and details of how the H. & R. Personal-Selfishness Training Method will train me to be fitted quickly to carry on in the career marked below.

NAME AGE
 ADDRESS
 CAREER INTERESTED IN

1940-112

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made
Mixture That Quickly Darkens it.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded, or grey hair, which turns black, brown, or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Orlon Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine, and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky, and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."***

Sour Stomach

★ End this distressing complaint quickly. COLOSEPTIC does so because it is a product of modern research designed for a double activity. COLOSEPTIC cleanses your colon of poisons and feeds essential minerals to the bloodstream. The digestive tract is strengthened, enabling it to digest food thoroughly. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

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ANY TIME

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Travel Bureau
St. James Place, Elizabeth St.,
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A BIGGER CHOICE OF GIFTS for users of TRUFOOD SKIM MILK POWDER

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THESE
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SHANTUNG SILK APRON

Charming colours, exclusive
designs, best quality Shantung
Silk. Save 29 1-lb.
Trufood Labels.

COLOURED BATH TOWEL

Long-wearing in grey, modern
designs. Size 24" x 40". Save
22 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

Coloured SUPPER SET

Large handstitched supper cloth
and 4 serviettes to match. Prim-
rose, green or blue. Extra good
quality. Save 40 1-lb. Trufood
Labels.

BREAD SAW

Heavy stainless steel, made
in Sheffield, England. Save
20 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

DESSERT SPOON — Heavy E.P.N.S. 11 1-lb. Trufood Labels. TEASPOONS—Heavy E.P.N.S. Set of 6, A grade. Save 32 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

NOW I SAVE ON MILK
BILLS AND GET A SPLENDID
CHOICE OF GIFTS WITH
TRUFOOD

All the milk you want
really cheaply!

Milk that's always pure and fresh, economical to use—Trufood, of course! Trufood is wholesome country milk with only the water and butterfat removed. A 1-lb. tin of Trufood gives you eight whole pints of safe, pure milk. With milk as economical as Trufood, there's no reason why you shouldn't use more and more of this essential food.

A 1-lb. TIN MAKES 8 PINTS OF MILK

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Take your labels to—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY, or to—LINTAS GIFT DEPOT, Carrington Chambers, Wall Street, Newcastle.

If you cannot call or send someone, attach your labels to a sheet of paper on which you have written—

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
2. The number of labels enclosed.
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Nearly 70 recipes in "The Milky Way of Cookery." Send to: Recipe Department, Trufood of Australia Ltd., Box 4267 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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The Clean Wineglass

Continued from Page 8

A look of horror showed in his eyes. I felt Quin by my side start.

"Don't ask me!" the butler answered, panic-stricken.

"I suppose Sir Oliver must have taken a glass of wine—yes, I knew he did. I brought it in to him—them," he corrected hastily.

The ponderous figure of the inspector planted itself squarely on the hearthrug.

"Before we go any further, Matthews," he said, "I must advise you in your own interest not to keep back anything which has happened to-night. Now, then, whom do you mean by 'them'?"

Matthews gulped.

"Sir Oliver and his nephew Mr. Hilary Croft," he replied slowly. "I brought wine in to them at ten o'clock to-night."

It was three o'clock in the morning, but I could not think of going to bed. So I sat and smoked Sebastian Quin's super-excellent tobacco and listened fascinatedly to what he was saying.

"This is a highly curious affair, Huhsh," he summed up, pressing the tobacco down into the bowl of his pipe. "Let me for the sake of clarity—always an important matter in a case of murder—summarise what we already know."

"At ten-thirty to-night Sir Oliver Dilke, one of the most prominent scientists in the country and a highly-respected gentleman, is found dead in his study chair. Before him is an open book—Bauer's 'Butterflies'—and the presumption is that while perusing this work he sustained a sudden heart attack which prevented him from calling out for help and which mercifully did not last long. (You will remember we have that consequential doctor's word for it that my old friend died practically painlessly.)

"Before him on the table, besides the book, are three objects—the two wineglasses, one clean, the other dirty, and a mounted butterfly, a very fine specimen. After the two doctors, the civilian and the police,

have agreed that the cause of death was heart failure, the inspector from Scotland Yard rightly—he would have been a fool if he had not done so—makes some inquiries about the two wineglasses. For, you see, there was something very peculiar about the two wineglasses—one was clean and the other was dirty. Had they both been dirty—that is to say, used—considerable significance would still have rightly been attached to them by the inspector, but as one was clean—

"Recall the evidence of the butler, Huhsh. What was it Matthews said? He said that he brought the wine into the library, and that Hilary Croft, the nephew of the dead man, poured out two glasses. Two, not one, remember. The presumption is, of course, that they both drank a glassful of wine."

"BUT after the dead body of Sir Oliver is discovered one glass is found to be clean."

"Inspector Fordyce was quick to jump to a conclusion, you will remember. After hearing that Sir Oliver and his nephew had been at enmity for some time, he smiled. I could read that smile—at least, I fancied I could. You must not be surprised, Huhsh, if you hear that Hilary Croft is arrested quite soon."

"But both doctors said that an inquest would not be necessary—that death was due to heart failure." I put in "There's no mystery surely?"

"On the contrary," replied Sebastian Quin, "the death of my old friend Sir Oliver Dilke presents a very intriguing mystery. Remember the clean wineglass, Huhsh."

"The suggestion is, I suppose, that Hilary Croft put poison into the glass of wine which his uncle drank? After Sir Oliver's death, fearing to leave a trace of his guilt, he washed the glass at the tap in the library and then put it back on the table?"

"Quite sound reasoning, Huhsh! Although, of course, he did not say so, I am convinced that was the conclusion at which Inspector Fordyce arrived. As I have told you, I expect to hear in the morning that Hilary Croft has been arrested."

When at four o'clock the following afternoon I bought the paper, almost the first headlines I saw were:

SCIENTIST'S NEPHEW
ARRESTED
CHARGED WITH MURDER
HOW DID SIR OLIVER DILKE
DIE?

I took a taxi at once to Sebastian Quin's house. The baffling nature of this crime into which I had been dragged had kept me awake the previous night. I looked at the photograph of Hilary Croft which the paper published, and decided that this was not the face of a murderer.

Arriving at Quin's chambers, his man told me he was engaged, but that if I called I was to go into his study at once. Entering the room, after knocking, I found myself being introduced to a remarkably attractive girl, whose beauty was now ravaged, however, by an overwhelming grief.

"THIS is Miss Ethel Laurie, Huhsh. Mr. Huhsh is my confidential friend," said Quin.

After I had seated myself, Quin continued:

"Miss Laurie has come to me hoping that I can help Mr. Hilary Croft, to whom she is engaged to be married."

"Oh, if you will!" pleaded the girl, clasping her hands.

"I will do my best, Miss Laurie—you can rest assured of that," replied my friend. "Personally, I do not believe he is guilty."

"That gives me hope," said the girl. "I feel now that there is still a chance for him."

Quin nodded.

"You can speak quite frankly before Mr. Huhsh, who is, in a way, my assistant," he said to the girl.

"I am an actress," said Miss Laurie. "I suppose that is the reason why Sir Oliver objected so strongly to my knowing Hilary. In any case, he always refused to meet me. Hilary is an artist, you know, with a studio in Chelsea. After his quarrel with his uncle over me he left Bulton Street and lived at this studio. But yesterday afternoon when he met me he said that he had made it up with his uncle,



A SIMPLE, slimly tailored style in deep vintage wine sheer wool. Groups of kingfisher-blue buttons punctuate the shirtmaker bodice.

that he was going to see Sir Oliver that night at Bulton Street—his uncle had invited him."

"You are sure of that fact, Miss Laurie?"

"Quite sure, Mr. Quin. That was the only reason Hilary went to see his uncle last night. And yet they say that he committed murder—it's abominable! Hilary would not hurt a fly. And although they had quarrelled, he really loved his uncle and admired him tremendously. He often said to me that he considered Sir Oliver was one of the greatest men of his day."

"So he was," confirmed Sebastian Quin. "I may as well tell you, Miss Laurie, he broke off in the manner he had, 'that the view of the police is that Mr. Croft went to Bulton Street with the determination to murder his uncle, that he suggested Sir Oliver should drink a glass of wine with him in celebration of the reconciliation, that he poisoned the wine which his uncle drank, and that in order to destroy any trace of his crime he washed the wine-glass his uncle used.'"

"You do not believe that, Mr. Quin?"

The lovely face was distraught.

The crime investigator took the hands which were outstretched to him, and gently squeezed them.

"Try not to worry too much, my dear," he said reassuringly.

After the girl had gone, I turned quickly to Quin.

"So they found poison?"

He nodded.

"Yes—at the autopsy. Stupidly enough, the official authorities regard me as something of an interfering busybody—except in those cases where they come for my help—and up to the present I do not know what kind of poison was found."

"Do you regard that as important? Isn't the fact that some poison was found sufficient?"

"Not when a man I believe to be innocent is faced with the gallows, Huhsh! But I am expecting a telephone message. Ah!" as the bell rang.

Thirty seconds later he turned to me.

"Cyanide of potassium," he said briefly. "And now, Huhsh, I must ask you to be good enough to leave me. I have some work to do, and I must do it alone."

The first thing I saw when I reached out for the paper the next morning was the staring headline:

PROFESSOR BROOMSHAW
FOUND SHOT
Beneath was a short paragraph.

Please turn to Page 22

Do FALSE TEETH

Rock, Slide, or Slip?

FASTEETH, a new, greatly improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth firm and comfortable. Cannot slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, sticky, pasty taste or feeling. Makes breath sweet and pleasant. Get FASTEETH today at any good chemist (2 sizes). Refuse substitutes.***

Real Life Stories

Risk lives to save horses

DURING the heavy rains last March about 14 horses were trapped in a paddock surrounded on three sides by the Johnstone River. By six o'clock in the morning the whole flat was under water, and only the horses' heads could be seen. They were huddled together against a stockyard fence, trying to keep one another afloat. After a while some of the horses broke away. One managed to swim to the bank, and one was drowned. The others went back. We were all very upset at their plight.

The water was still rising at 10 o'clock, and the horses were in danger of being swept away, when two lads decided to try to rescue them.

We told them it was a dangerous job, for they had about a quarter of a mile to row in small canoes. But they were determined. The river was 15 feet over the traffic bridge, and running strongly, with all sorts of rubbish being swept along.

Upon reaching the horses one of the boys jumped out of the canoe and swam behind the horses to hunt them from the fence. They were hampered by the fences and high lantana bushes. One of the horses was caught on the fence and drowned. I was terrified for the boys, but they went on with the job.

After a great deal of coaxing and shouting, the horses, squealing with terror, started to swim in a long line to safety with the boys following them up. It was a brave deed, and we who watched felt we had lived through a century in that time.

11/1/- to Mrs. K. Muller, Box 114, South Johnstone, North Qld.



UPON REACHING THE HORSES one of the boys jumped out of the canoe and swam to hunt the frightened beasts from the fence.

Hunter is hunted

WHILE out looking over his sheep my brother caught sight of a huge, hideous boar with the remains of a lamb, a recent kill, and gave chase.

After a long pursuit and several shots, which apparently took no effect on the pig's tough hide, Jack brought down his quarry. Before dismounting to make a funeral pyre round the corpse—carcasses are never left to breed flies on well-run grazing properties—my brother took the precaution of putting another shot into it. Then, with the reins hanging loosely over his arm, he approached the kill.

About three feet separated hunter and late quarry, when the boar came to life. With a fearful guttural snort the great ugly body staggered to its feet, and with dramatic suddenness hunter became quarry.

Jack's horse bolted in terror! The chase was brief. A tree-root sent my brother sprawling and his head met stony ground with a force which sent him unconscious.

When he came to, the first thing his dazed eyes focused on was the revolting form of a large and very dead pig! The brute had used his last spark of life to make that frantic homicidal dash which just fell short of its mark.

2/6 to Miss J. W. Higgins, c/o Mrs. S. W. Evers, 131 Awaba St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Drunken native captain

WHEN I lived in the islands, I went for a sea trip with a friend and her children. We embarked for home on a fair-sized cutter early one morning. There had been sounds of revelry by night among the crew, and we had a few misgivings.

We soon saw that the cutter was not keeping to its course, and found that we were drifting back on to the reef of the island we had just left. The native captain, when called upon to explain, could only grin and cling helplessly to the boom, as it swayed in the wind.

Then we guessed he had been indulging in the native drink—kava—which, unlike alcohol, affects the victim's legs but not his head. As the day was fair and calm, we drifted gracefully on to the reef without the

dreaded crash! Instantly the edge of the reef was lined with natives from the island. They were mostly women, some toothless hags, all gesticulating with their arms and shrieking to us to throw the children to the shore before the cutter sank.

As three or four of the children were quite little chaps we gladly threw them one by one to the women, who caught them with a chorus of shrieks and laughter. My friend and I took the tiny ship's dinghy to get ashore. We spent one more night on the island, and were able to charter another cutter and a crew which were above reproach to take us home.

2/6 to Mrs. Agnes Wallace, 10 Marlborough, Manion Ave., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

How to win Real Life awards

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Send in your Real Life Stories, which may be exciting or tragic, but must be **AUTHENTIC**.

Full address at top of page 3.

Horse sense

I WAS working on a goldmine in the mountains, about four miles from the township of Biggenden, Queensland.

I was returning from Biggenden one night when a fierce, dry storm worked up. The night was pitch black with occasional vivid flashes of lightning. I was riding a touchy little mare called Butterfly, and intended to go round the road to the camp instead of taking the short cut over the mountain, for I could not see where I was even on the road.

However, I soon found I was climbing, and did not know which way to turn, as a false step either way probably meant falling down an old shaft. I gave the mare her head and trusted to luck.

Suddenly she stopped, and in spite of my urging would not budge. I gingerly dismounted, not knowing where I would land, but on striking a match I found to my delight I was at my camp. The mare had taken me over the short cut, missed all the holes, and would not budge past the camp.

Needless to say, Butterfly got an extra supply in her nosebag that night.

2/6 to B. Luteral, Bororen, Qld.

DIGESTION - TIRED - Can't eat



How to get better on Benger's Food

No desire for food, even the daintiest meal fails to arouse appetite. Pain and indigestion whenever she eats; badly in need of nourishment, digestion in need of rest. What can she do? There is one Food she can at once enjoy and assimilate—it is Benger's. From the first cup of Benger's her digestion will be rested and she will be abundantly nourished. If you suffer from indigestion and have no appetite for the evening meal—take a cup of Benger's Food instead.

BENGER'S

The self-digestive Food



MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE

Benger's Food only takes as long to make as half a pint of milk takes to boil. For invalids and infant feeding follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.

BENGER'S FOOD IS MADE IN CHESHIRE ENGLAND

FREE—THESE THREE VALUABLE BOOKS
 "The Truth about Badly Indigestible Food"
 "How to Get Better on Benger's"
 "The Mother and the Child"
 The Mother and the Child—75 pages
 A comprehensive booklet on the subject of feeding infants and young children. It gives full instructions on how to mix and use Benger's Food for infants and young children. It is a most valuable booklet for every mother and nurse.
 Write for them to Benger's Food Ltd., 100, Strand, London, W.C.2. Enclose 10p for each book.

SHORT and SNAPPY

Send your anecdotes of odd, amusing incidents for this column; 10/6 will be paid for the best item and 2/6 for others published.

TRAPPED IN TOFFEE

LAST week mother made some toffee, and so that we could not find it she hid it in the sitting-room. When she had gone a small mouse ventured out and sat on the still warm toffee and began chewing the nuts. When mother went to get it that night the mouse had its feet set fast in the toffee.

10/6 to Miss Alison Jacobs, Box 51, Port Lincoln, S.A.

STAMPEDING CATTLE

A FRIEND of mine, while working in the Gippsland area in Victoria, was forced to spend the night in the open, as his car had broken down. Having made himself as comfortable as possible he settled down for the night, but after about two hours' sleep he was awakened by a thundering noise. A herd of wild cattle had stampeded and were racing straight towards him and his truck. Knowing he wouldn't have time to reach the truck and open the door, he slid quickly under it. When the animals had passed he saw that where he had been sleeping there was only the mangled remains of his makeshift bed.

2/6 to Enid Hall, Hilliard, Violet St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

ROMANTIC OPTIMIST

WHEN in town shopping I met a neighbor and, as we made for the nearest cafe for afternoon tea, a sudden gust of wind blew my friend's hat away. A fine-looking young airman picked up the hat and presented it to her, and she thanked him profusely, but disclaimed ownership of the hat.

I was astounded, and as we moved off I inquired the reason. Her answer rather took my breath away. "Do you think I would admit owning a hat with such a dirty lining to such a smart officer? I hope to meet him again," she said.

2/6 to Mary Gault, Post Office, Ayr, North Qld.

LUCKY ABSENCE

I WAS employed at a large colliery as special constable and boundary rider. One morning I noticed a large number of cattle grazing in one of the pit paddocks. I mounted and soon had them galloping towards the fence.

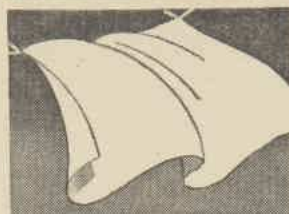
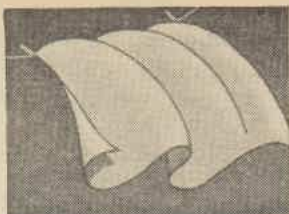
When finally rid of the cattle I returned and found the paddock had caved in and there was an opening of about 50 feet wide and 30 feet in depth. A narrow escape, for I was away less than five minutes.

2/6 to George Bell, 42 George St., Mayfield East, Newcastle, N.S.W.

To stop your
clothes turning
YELLOW

To preserve their
sparkling fresh
WHITENESS

Give them the
last rinse in
BLUE water



Reckitt's BLUE

Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!

Every Wednesday
at 8.30 p.m.

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A MACQUARIE PRODUCTION

Rhythm - Comedy - Melody

2GB EVERY ARTIST
UNDER 21

Presented by Colgate-Palmolive

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"PROFESSOR I. B. BROOMSHAW, the well-known lecturer of St. Crispin's Hospital, was found shot in his rooms at Welbeck Street last night. Revolver with one chamber discharged was lying by the side of the dead man. An inquest will be held."

Broomshaw! That was the wonderful conversationalist I had met at the Friday Club only two nights before! And now he was dead—had committed suicide, apparently! A man of brilliant attainments, according to Sebastian Quin, who knew everybody. What despair could have driven him to take his life?

At ten o'clock I took a taxi to Sebastian Quin's rooms. I found him sitting alone before an unfasted breakfast.

"I feared this, Huish," he said when I entered, pointing to the newspaper he was reading.

"Do you mean Professor Broomshaw's death?" I asked. I had seen the headline over his shoulder.

"Yes. But it was either that, flight or exposure. He denied it last night, but I could see that he was guilty, although my proofs were slender. Like his own, mine was a shot in the dark. But it was successful."

"What on earth are you talking about, Quin?" I demanded somewhat irritably.

"What should I be talking about," replied Quin, putting down the newspaper, "but the Dilke murder mystery?"

I became more bewildered.

"What had Professor Broomshaw to do with the death of Sir Oliver Dilke?"

"He was the murderer—that's all," answered Sebastian Quin, and permitted himself a smile at my expense.

"You're mad!" I cried, forgetting myself in the perplexity of the moment. "Broomshaw wasn't even in the house last night."

Quin pushed me back into my chair.

"Only the early hour is a sufficient excuse for such rudeness," he said. "But I am glad you have dropped in, because I've just solved the Dilke mystery."

Too amazed to make any immediate comment, I watched the crime investigator place on the table first a book, and then a large and exquisite mounted butterfly, its wings black and with beautifully traced white borders.

"Why, that was on the table in Sir Oliver's study!" I exclaimed.

"Quite so. Also the book. And because I felt at the time that both had some connection with the mystery of the death, I took the liberty of confiscating them. It was very fortunate I did so. But if you will be quiet for a few minutes, I hope to explain everything to your satisfaction," he added.

"This is quite one of the most interesting cases I have handled for some time," resumed Quin, filling his pipe. "I must reiterate the facts. Sir Oliver Dilke, a prominent scientist, and a much-beloved man, is found dead in his library one night. An open book is before him. It was a case of heart failure, the doctors said. But the autopsy proved that Sir Oliver's heart, as well as the other organs, was sound. His death was not due to natural causes, but how he was killed appeared at first a mystery. There was no wound; not even a scratch on the body. There had been no

The Clean Wineglass

Continued from Page 20

struggle. As he had sat in his chair reading, so apparently he had died. "Yet, as I have said, the autopsy revealed that death had not been due to natural causes; it was due to poison—cyanide of potassium, one of the most deadly agents known."

"The clean wineglass seemed a valuable clue. It became known that Hilary Croft, the scientist's nephew and heir, had been on terms of enmity with Sir Oliver because he had become engaged to an actress. Here was a possible motive—with Sir Oliver dead, Croft would inherit his fortune and also be free to marry the girl to whom his uncle objected."

"But there is such a thing as a clue being too obvious. My experience has been that the fact which stares you in the face is never of much use in crime; it is not to be relied upon. Look at it this way—if Hilary Croft had really intended to poison his uncle he would not have done it in the clumsy fashion which the police allege. He would not have allowed the butler to be practically a witness to the crime, and the theory of the washed wineglass, although interesting, never appealed strongly to me. Any fool—and Hilary Croft is no fool—would have put fresh wine into the glass to divert suspicion."

"You laid stress upon the clean wineglass at the time, I remember," I said.

QUIN smiled that tolerant smile which I occasionally found so irritating.

"I was exhausting the obvious before I tackled the ingenious," he said, "and after examining this," he pointed to the exquisite mounted butterfly—"I knew that this murder had been most ingeniously planned."

"Why?"

"You must allow me to tell my story in my own way, Huish. The fact that the butterfly was on the table was conclusive evidence that Sir Oliver had recently been examining it. Now, valuable butterfly specimens, I happen to know, are sometimes given an application of cyanide to preserve them. I could not tell without analysis, but I felt at the time that it was pretty certain that this butterfly, being valuable, had been sprayed with cyanide."

"Inquiries I made from Matthews disclosed the interesting fact that a small parcel had come from Vivash's, the specimen people, by the last post on the day of the tragedy. Inquiry at Vivash's disclosed the even more interesting fact that Professor Broomshaw had called at the shop that morning and had looked out some specimens."

"He was shown this rare butterfly which had recently arrived from one of Vivash's agents in Mexico—a wonderful place for butterflies, Mexico—and was about to touch it when Vivash warned him."

"It's treated with cyanide—don't put your fingers to your mouth, professor," he said.

"According to Vivash's statement to me, Broomshaw smiled at this warning. But Vivash didn't smile. He noticed that Broomshaw in handling the butterfly had caused one of the wings to droop."

"He called his visitor's attention to this, but again Broomshaw smiled. "Sir Oliver Dilke will be able to put that right. He is a great entomologist, you know, and I am going to send him this anonymously. He will be delighted—you follow me as far, Huish?"

"I am afraid I don't," I replied, for indeed I was completely baffled.

"This gift was intended as an instrument of death, a weapon of murder," resumed Quin solemnly. "Through being a member of the Friday Club I know that Professor Broomshaw had become very jealous of Sir Oliver Dilke through the latter's success in the same field of scientific research as himself. So much had this affected him that for some time I had considered the man a trifle insane—remember his amazingly brilliant conversation at the dinner last Friday, Huish."

"An insane criminal is a very dangerous person to deal with. Let me further construct the crime: Broomshaw wished Sir Oliver's death for the reason I have stated. But he was clever enough not to allow any suspicion to fall on himself. A fellow entomologist with Dilke, he self-sacrificingly sends the latter a specimen which he would have been pleased to have in his own collection. A man who wished to do this kindly act by stealth (his enmity was not generally known, I should have explained), he sent the gift anonymously."

"But he knew that Sir Oliver would recognise the prize at once and would gloat over it. He knew also that Sir Oliver would be bound to touch the damaged wing."

"Broomshaw arranged for the butterfly to arrive by the last post. Yes—for he had a reason. He knew that Dilke would not be going out to dinner at the Friday Club that night, and that he was a great reader. What more likely than that Sir Oliver should get down the greatest living authority on butterflies from his bookshelf to verify the specimen; that in his excitement he should forget an elementary caution and absent-mindedly wet his finger to turn the leaves of the book after the repairing of the damaged wing? As a matter of fact, the page of the book he had just turned showed faint traces upon test of the poison."

"Good Heavens!" I cried, seeing the whole vilely ingenious plot.

"As I have said, a shot in the dark—but you know now why Broomshaw was talking so brilliantly to you at the Friday Club dinner—his deranged brain was excited about whether his gambit had come off."

"Two questions, Quin."

"Certainly."

"Why was Matthews, the butler, so terrified when questioned about the wineglass?"

"Because he was afraid that Hilary Croft really had poisoned his uncle."

"And who washed the clean wineglass?"

"Sir Oliver himself, no doubt. He rarely drank anything but water. He yielded to his nephew's wish to pledge their reconciliation in wine, but afterwards washed the taste away with a glass of water."

"And now, I think, we will enable Hilary Croft to become a free man once more."

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The Movie World

July 20, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page



ROMANTIC ROLE for ROSALIND



• This exotic young woman in striped gown and turban is Rosalind Russell. Known as "Hollywood's only genuine spinster," she is having her first big romance—on the screen—in Universal's comedy-drama, "Hired Wife."

• Rosalind Russell, who is one of Hollywood's busiest actresses to-day, in pensive mood. She will play opposite James Stewart in "No Time for Comedy" and later in "Mr. Co-Ed," with Robert Young.

THIS POPULAR ACTRESS WILL HAVE FIRST BIG SCREEN LOVE AFFAIR IN COMEDY-DRAMA, "HIRED WIFE."

UNIVERSAL is giving Rosalind Russell her first chance to enjoy honest-to-goodness emotional love—on the screen.

Amazing as it seems, this lovely, appealing young woman has in her five Hollywood years never handled romance of the type that flourishes on close-ups and kisses.

Rosalind's first genuine screen lover will be sophisticated Brian Aherne—and their film will be that comedy-drama "Hired Wife."

"Hired Wife" should be final proof of the all-round ability of this accomplished actress.

She was the slick, sophisticated comedienne in "Rendezvous," with William Powell—her first big hit.

She was the morbid, repressed girl in Robert Montgomery's horror drama, "Night Must Fall," the nagging, dominating wife in "Craig's Wife," and the sweet, sympathetic, retiring doctor's wife in "The Citadel."

Recently she has established herself in brittle comedy with her brilliant, searing satire of the female feline in "The Women," and her clever portrayal of a tough newspaper girl in "His Girl Friday."

Rosalind, in fact, is the only important Hollywood actress who can claim never to have played the same kind of role twice.

Rosalind, you see, simply refuses to be "typed."

Her personal experience qualifies Rosalind to portray any type of woman.

Brought up in a wealthy New York family, she knew the frivolous existence of the American society debutante.

She stayed up all hours of the night, attended balls, night clubs, races, thought chiefly of buying new dresses and trying the latest hair styles.

Then when that life became tiresome this determined individualist decided to go on the stage.

Her father, a brilliant barrister, was sympathetic with his daughter's desire for a more worth-while life.

But she won her odd jobs with summer stock companies through her own efforts.

The uninteresting drawing-room dramas she was playing bored her.

She then became a salesgirl in a Fifth Avenue store. She earned four pounds a week, which wasn't a great deal of money for a girl used to owning her own car and wearing Schiaparelli models.

But she kept herself on her salary—economising on meals so that she could spend more on clothes.

At twenty-six, a young woman with that poise and assurance that come only from going out in the world and earning one's living, she came to Hollywood.

From
JOHN B. DAVIES,
in New York

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	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
CITY OR TOWN	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
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WALTER PIDGEON finds it lucky to be lent!



• Walter Pidgeon, seen left on his departure for a shooting trip, and above in the library of his own home, has just won a new career from one film. Since "It's A Date," studios are clamoring for his services.

STUDIOS WHO BORROW ACTORS PAY THEM BACK IN NEW CAREERS

From CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

IT'S the same old story. Every studio is clamoring for Walter Pidgeon to-day—and no studio took any notice of him before he was loaned out to Universal for "It's a Date."

Mr. Pidgeon, a 41-year-old and very charming Canadian, has been working in films off and on for 13 years; steadily for the last four. The

fans spotted Mr. Pidgeon—but the front office remained blind, deaf, and dumb to his talent.

Then Joe Pasternak, of Universal, actually held up production on Deanna Durbin's picture to get Mr. Pidgeon for "It's a Date."

Now Universal wants him again for "When the Daltons Rode," Republic wants him for "Lady From New Orleans," and his own studio wants to build him up in first-grade films.

Did I say it's the same old story? Well, you remember what happened to Olivia de Havilland! Just another pretty ingenue until Selznick bor-

rowed her from Warners to play Melanie in "Gone With the Wind."

Jimmy Stewart had to be loaned to Frank Capra before he nearly won the Academy Award with his "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." John Wayne was in obscurity at Republic until Walter Wanger borrowed him for "Stagecoach," and John is now in John Ford's great picture, "A Long Voyage Home."

I could go on like this indefinitely. Watch for Laraine Day in "My Son, My Son." She is, or was, a minor stock actress on her home lot. United Artists had no trouble in getting her for the Howard Spring drama. And now, to its surprise, MGM has in Laraine a new star on its hands.

Some studios, of course, can't get their wandering players to return home.

Look at Alan Marshall, who belongs to Selznick. He is so booked up on outside films that he cannot fit in time to make one picture for his employer.

William Holden, who belongs to Paramount, is over at Columbia making "Arizona." Before that he was at Warners on "Invisible Stripes."

Now, don't think that the mere process of being borrowed is enough to make a player's stock soar.

It is the new, unexpected talent discovered in a player's personality which does the trick.

Olivia de Havilland was a light

comedy player at Warners. "Gone With the Wind" proved she was a fine dramatic actress.

John Wayne, of "Stagecoach," was not even looked upon as an actor. He was, to Republic, a cowboy rider.

Walter Pidgeon himself was the routine charmer, or the character cad. "It's a Date" revealed his talent in deft comedy.

The game has always gone like this. When Shirley Temple was four years old, and regarded by 20th Century-Fox as a cute little dancer, Paramount borrowed her for "Little Miss Marker"—she became a personality.

Frank Capra made comedians out of both Clark Gable, then a gangster menace, and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night." Look where the pair are to-day.

No one dreamed that Carole Lombard was anything but a romp until RKO took her from Paramount and showed her tender-hearted dramatic gift in "Made For Each Other."

With this mass of precedent behind him, Walter Pidgeon has a grand year ahead. He is, in spite of his 13 years on the screen, commencing a new career.

Everywhere Women are Raving About This Amazing New Type Shampoo



It's not a soap! Not an oil!

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It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing new type Shampoo . . . no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average hair into a brilliant, glistening halo.

Try it soon—see how beautiful, how radiant your hair really can be!

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a scientific secret. It isn't oil, it isn't soap—it

isn't anything you've heard of before! Scientists have brought us something brand-new, a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops, and instantly you get a glorious bubbly foam in any kind of water—five times more than soap lather. Rub it briskly into the hair, rinse once, and you're through.

Another thing—you'll find Colimated 'foam' Shampoo the most economical you've ever used—only half a teaspoonful gives you the finest shampoo you've ever had. All chemists and toilet counters.

"What?" you say, "No second rinses, no vinegar or special after-rinses?"

BABY PEGGY—GROWN UP

REMEMBER Baby Peggy, the attractive little child actress who was the idol of adult and child fans more than fifteen years ago?

As Miss Peggy Montgomery, she has recently returned to the screen, and is playing a small role in "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

Peggy has earned and lost a small fortune. She has no regrets, and is now happily married to Gordon Ayres, a fellow-actor in the early "Our Gang" comedies.

Virginia Lee Corbin, once the most popular child star on the screen, has also come back to Hollywood. A pretty young woman in her twenties, she is working as an extra in "The Howards of Virginia."



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MOTHERHOOD adds to their glamor

ELEVEN WOMEN STARS PROVE TRUTH OF BEAUTY EXPERT'S STATEMENT

By
Barbara Bouchier
from Hollywood

MOTHERHOOD actually increases the glamor of women stars.

This is the new and emphatic opinion of no less an authority than Max Factor jun., who has spent his whole working life in his family's make-up establishment, glamorising actresses of both stage and screen.

It has generally been conceded that motherhood does not necessarily detract from an actress' appeal.

Max Factor, jun., however, goes much further than this.

"Women who have not experienced motherhood never seem to attain that exquisite and indefinable charm of those who are mothers," he states.

And to prove his case he points to Ellen Drew, Joan Bennett, Virginia Bruce, Joan Blondell, Marlene Dietrich, Maureen O'Sullivan, Margaret Sullivan, and Frances Dee.

Capacity for emotion

"**M**ORE," he adds, "there are many actresses who have never risen to the height of dramatic expression warranted by their acting ability, simply because they have never experienced the deep emotion of motherhood."

He cites Helen Hayes, often called the greatest actress of the American theatre, whose daughter, Mary, is now in her teens. Helen turned from light comedy to the drama which made her famous only after she became a mother.

"Norma Shearer has done some of her finest work during the past few years, since the birth of her two children."

Undoubtedly, the actresses spoken of are all distinguished for their charm and loveliness.

Ellen Drew, the mother of a four-year-old boy, who lives so simply on a small ranch in the San Fernando Valley, is now Paramount's favorite sparkling actress. Her appearance in "French Without Tears" is proof of this—and when Ellen was discovered for Hollywood her small son was a year old.

The case of Virginia Bruce is interesting. Before the birth of her daughter, Susan Ann, Virginia did a fair amount of picture work. But



☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

WANTED . . .

Some privacy

MYRNA LOY'S plan for protecting stars from those beggars, sightseers, salesmen, and cranks who haunt their doorsteps day and night is receiving enthusiastic support.

Because of the necessity of giving directions whenever they order goods delivered from the shops players have found it practically impossible to keep the locations of their homes secret. The addresses leak out through the shops. The unfortunate players find themselves besieged.

Myrna's idea is to select one central "delivery address," to be used by a group of stars. They'll rent an office in Beverly Hills, and their packages will be picked up from this depot by themselves or their servants.

still one of the most glamorous women in Hollywood.

Margaret Sullivan (Mrs. Leland Hayward) is now working in MGM's "Mortal Storm"—her first picture since the arrival of her second daughter a year ago.

Seeing Margaret on the set this week, I was instantly struck by her loveliness of face and figure.

The list could go to include the exquisite Dolores Costello Barrymore, mother of two; Mary Astor (Mrs. Manuel del Campo), whose daughter is now old enough to go around winning ribbons for her ability as an equestrienne and whose baby son is the pride of the family.

Frances Dee McCrea, whose two husky sons rule their ranch, is noted for her exquisite fragility, which makes her an ideal heroine of period pictures.

Maureen O'Sullivan, slim little Irish girl, wife of Australian John Farrow, mother of Michael Damien Farrow, who is celebrating his first

• Ellen Drew, one of the actresses to whom motherhood is stated to have given an exquisite and indefinable charm.

birthday, has returned to play in "Pride and Prejudice."

Again, that most seductively gowned and coiffured actress, Joan Bennett, has two daughters—the eldest of whom is ten years old.

After making this check, it seemed remarkable to me that actresses are still reputed to fear motherhood—lest it rob them of their beauty and prove detrimental to their careers. But isn't Mr. Factor going too far

when he says that motherhood makes stars better actresses?

"Of course," qualifies Mr. Factor, "there are great childless actresses like Bette Davis and Greta Garbo."

"But I firmly believe any woman who is a mother achieves an inner radiance and depth of emotion which make her more glamorous—whether she is an actress or not."



1 **YOUNG TOM EDISON** (Rooney), always in trouble through scientific curiosity, experiments at school and causes a fire - alarm.



2 **HE IS** expelled, to shame of his father (George Bancroft).



3 **UNDAUNTED**, Tom, with permission of stationmaster, practises the telegraph code.



BEAUTY is skin deep, they say.

... pointing the way to the gladdening truth that proper care of your skin can bring back and keep for you all the charm and appeal that beauty holds. Away with indifference! Science has at last wrested from nature the priceless secret of a fine and flawless skin. With cooling, refreshing "Skin Deep" you can bring your skin that soft repose wherein the lines of care and tiredness vanish; where the roughness of sun and wind is smoothed away, and youth returns with the gladness of new beauty.



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ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Rooney as young Edison

IN FIRST OF TWO-FILM BIOGRAPHY OF GREAT INVENTOR

"YOUNG TOM EDISON," starring Mickey Rooney, is part of Hollywood's first two-film biography.

Spencer Tracy portrays the famous inventor in a completely separate film, "Edison the Man."

These two films were made almost simultaneously at the studio, but with different casts, technicians and directors.

It will not be necessary to have seen the first in order to catch up with the second.

MGM hit upon this original scheme after conducting research on the life of the inventor. The studio had intended to make one film on the discoveries of Edison the man. But his lively boyhood appealed to the studio as ideal screen material for mischievous Mr. Rooney.

"Young Tom Edison" presents the great inventor as a fifteen-year-old in Port Huron, Michigan, the town in which he grew up.

True incidents

MANY true incidents that occurred in Edison's life are portrayed in the film.

But, according to the studio, it could be the story of any American boy and his relations with his father and mother.

Tom's mother is sympathetic towards her son's desire for knowledge and genius for invention. His father is convinced that the boy is nothing but a scamp.

MGM was supplied with a great deal of personal data by the inventor's second wife and his son Charles.

They were particularly helpful in recalling the mannerisms of the great man—such as slouching, carrying his hands in his waistcoat pockets, tugging at his eyebrows.

These mannerisms, adopted by both Tracy and Rooney on the screen, will, in fact, be the only recognisable physical links between the two biographical films.

Dore Schary, who did a very good job for Tracy and Rooney in "Boys' Town," worked on the scripts of the pictures.



4 **THEN**, taking job selling sweets on the trains, Tom sets up printing press and sells his own newspaper.



5 **WHEN** his mother (Fay Bainter) is taken dangerously ill, Tom, frantic, uses his inventive genius to enable doctor to save her life.



The Bette 'Cross-Swath'

"More of everything. More brightness for sport; softness for street; sparkle for cocktail hour; glamour for formal occasions. More elegance all the time." — Fashion Summary.

What could be more glamorously elegant and sparkling than this "Cross-Swath" coiffure... Daring, yet tasteful; exotic, yet dignified... The fascinating swathing and ringlet-ends are tomorrow's own—created by NORMAN FLOHM, Sydney's gifted hair stylist—and he tells how all such elaborate "hair-do's" can be kept in place, easily, firmly.

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Yes, to keep the full beauty of a fashionably-moded head, both socialites and screen stars now "damp-set" with Velmol. Whether your style is a simple coiffure or a luxurious extravaganza—give yourself the thrill of a lasting salon smartness, by using

Velmol to "damp-set" it—and to keep it always "just right"! No more need for bunching under "invisible" nets... If you will spend just 2/- for a bottle of VELMOL—today—from your Chemist or Toilet Counter. Take the advice of leading hair stylists!

(Just a wet comb... and then a few drops brushed through the hair!)

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ WATERLOO BRIDGE

(Week's Best Release)

Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor.
(MGM.)

WITH Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor both giving warmly sincere portrayals, "Waterloo Bridge," an up-to-date version of a Robert Sherwood's war play, is an emotionally stirring love tragedy.

It will appeal mostly to women who will grope for the handkerchief on several occasions.

The film opens in London today with Robert Taylor, a British military officer of 48, pausing alone on Waterloo Bridge.

It then flashes back to 1917, when Taylor was a dashing young captain, and recounts the story of his romance with ballet dancer Vivien Leigh.

Meeting during an air raid, they fall deeply in love. But on the eve of their wedding Taylor is unexpectedly ordered to the front. His death is reported, and Vivien, left penniless, is forced into making her living "the easiest way." A year later Taylor returns.

Vivien, unable either to tell him the truth or to withhold it, is faced with a heartrending problem.

In supporting roles are Luella Watson, grand as Taylor's aristocratic mother; Maria Ouspenskaya, playing a ballet mistress in her usual capable fashion; and Virginia Field, who shines as Vivien's close friend.

And you will like Robert Taylor's neat military moustache.—St. James; showing.

★★ SWANEE RIVER

Don Ameche, Andrea Leeds.
(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

TO compensate for the slowness of the drama and the film's occasional dull spots, "Swanee River" provides some glorious color and a wealth of American folk songs, including "Old Black Joe," "Oh, Susannah," and "My Old Kentucky Home." These are rendered by Al Jolson (once again playing a negro minstrel), Don Ameche, and the Hall Johnson choir.

The story deals with the tempestuous life of composer Stephen Foster, who lived over a century ago. Ameche plays Foster, Al Jolson E. P. Christy, the original blackface artist and lifelong friend of Foster.

Story traces Foster's romance and subsequent marriage with southerner Andrea Leeds, his rise from poverty

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

to wealth and popularity, and his decline.

Acting honors go to old-timer Jolson, bombastic yet likeable; Andrea Leeds, very forgiving and very lovely, only manages to take third place in Don's life—just behind music and liquor. But Ameche, handicapped by an unsympathetic role, lacks his usual exuberance.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ SAPS AT SEA

Laurel Hardy. (United Artists.)
ONE of the more enjoyable of the Laurel and Hardy films, "Saps at Sea," earns its two-star decoration for some bright new gags and comic situations.

The absurd story makes Hardy allergic to trombones—he goes berserk when he hears one.

Laurel supervises a cure for Hardy's malady, which consists of a diet of goat's milk and an ocean voyage.

The goat is bought, but, fearful of sea-sickness, Hardy refuses to take the rest of the cure. Laurel then decides that they will both live on a ship in dock, thus assuring Hardy of the breezes, but not the waves.

It's all very lowbrow—and purely for Laurel and Hardy fans.—Plaza; showing.

★★ MY LITTLE CHICKADEE

Mae West, W. C. Fields. (Universal.)
MAE WEST, making a comeback after two years' absence from the screen, is teamed with W. C. Fields to provide an enjoyable comedy with plenty of lusty humor.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



IRISH PAT O'BRIEN EVEN USES SHAMROCK GREEN POWDER PUFFS WHEN MAKING UP FOR THE CAMERA

Mae swaggers and wisecracks in the familiar Western style. Fields contributes an amusing characterization—and typical droll comments.

Film is a "Destry Rides Again" in reverse. Mae, two-gun dance-hall entertainer with a dangerous way with men, heads west from Chicago.

Drummed out of the first town she comes to, she meets W. C. Fields on the outward-bound train. She acquires a mantle of respectability by contriving a fake marriage with him, and when they arrive at the next frontier settlement, a wild, lawless community, Fields is made sheriff. But it is Mae who finally cleans up the township.

Joseph Calleia, Dick Foran, and Margaret Hamilton give capable support.—Capitol; showing.

★ SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

John Garfield, Anne Shirley.
(Warners.)

DEALING with the everyday problems of a young married couple in a big city, "Saturday's Children" is a homely comedy drama that everybody will enjoy.

Anne Shirley has the feminine lead. This is the role that was turned down first by Jane Bryan, then by Olivia de Havilland, to Anne's very good fortune.

For this attractive and hitherto neglected little actress really gives an excellent performance, which should bring her better roles in the future.

Film opens with Anne employing all her feminine wiles to get her man—John Garfield.

Then after marriage both find the problem of holding their romance together almost too great in the face of hard times.

Playing a slow-thinking youth who devises impractical inventions—a welcome relief from gangster roles—Garfield is very human.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★ (plus) *Gone With the Wind*. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best-selling novel, ranking as finest film of any year. Liberty, 11th week.

★★ *Rebecca*. Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier in moving, beautifully-produced drama from Daphne Du Maurier's book. Regent, 5th week.

★★ *My Son, My Son*. Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward in finely-acted dramatization of novel. Century, 3rd week.

★★ *The Great Victor Herbert*. Allan Jones, Mary Martin in feast of delightful melody. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

★ *I Take This Woman*. Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr in mediocre romantic drama. State, 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

SONJA HENIE, twenty-seven-year-old skating star, was married last week to Don Topping, good-looking young millionaire sportsman.

This is Sonja's first matrimonial venture, but Topping was formerly married to film actress Arline Judge, who divorced him last year.

Sonja has just turned down her new Twentieth Century-Fox contract because she refused to accept a cut in her salary, which has been £74,000 a year. She may leave the studio.

ALBERT BASSERMAN, who made his screen debut in "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," has been signed to a long-term contract by Warner Bros. Basserman and his wife, who won fame together on the German stage, are now appearing in Walter Wanger's "Personal History." Basserman will return to Warners to appear in "One Hour of Glory," and the couple will establish a home in Hollywood.

REAL page boys of the U.S. Senate have been signed up to play in "Senate Page Boy," another epic set in Washington. The hero, however, will not be an authentic senator, but Melvyn Douglas.

A BOOK about early days in Canada, entitled "Quietly My Captain Waltz" will soon be published in America. Warner Bros. have already paid £10,000 for the screen rights to the story and will star Betty Davis and Errol Flynn.

GENE RAYMOND added a touch of realism to a fire scene in "Cross Country Romance" by passing out, after gulping artificial "smoke" fumes.

The scene called for Gene to rush into a burning building. To obtain the necessary effect of billowing smoke, the customary burners and smoke-pots were placed inside the set.

The unpleasant mixture of charcoal and sulphur evidently proved too much for Gene.

It gave the company quite a scare. The fireman on hand to supervise the filming of the scene soon pulled him round.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who returned to Hollywood from New York to do added scenes for "Susan and God," surprised her friends by dashing right back to the big city again.

Joan said she was off to continue her search for a suitable play, but Hollywood believes there's a young man involved—identity as yet unrevealed.

IN Deanna Durbin's next film, "Spring Parade," all her seven songs will be written especially for her. In her previous films Deanna has sung one or two original compositions and a number of favorite classics.

Gus Kahn and Robert Stolz are now preparing the words and music.

CARY GRANT and Rosalind Russell are the gayest night-club twosome.

DOLORES DEL RIO is on a cream diet to put on weight. She drinks eight bottles of rich cream a day.

REMOVES HAIR

IN 3 MINUTES

Better than

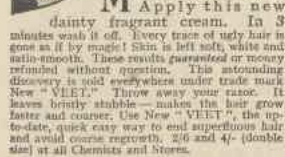
Razor

No coarse

regrowth

AMAZING

NEW DISCOVERY



MAKE this test: Apply this new dainty fragrant cream. In 3 minutes wash it off. Every trace of ugly hair is gone as if by magic! Skin is left soft, white and satin-smooth. These results guaranteed or money refunded without question. This astounding discovery is sold everywhere under trade mark New "VEET." Throw away your razor. It leaves brittly stubble—makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Use New "VEET," the up-to-date, quick easy way to end supercilious hair and avoid coarse regrowth. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.

THE LION'S ROAR

"The Secret of Dr. Kildare" is the latest of M-G-M's "Dr. Kildare" series, and everyone is agreeing that it's even better than its predecessors "Young Dr. Kildare" and "Calling Dr. Kildare."

Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Nat Pendleton and all the other popular players of this series are augmented in "The Secret of Dr. Kildare" by lovely Helen Gilbert.

Mention has already been made in this column of the grand success of M-G-M's sensational musical "Broadway Melody of 1940," co-starring Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell with George Murphy, Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter and scores of others.

Other new M-G-M films which are already beginning to entertain Australia include "Mars Attacks," a hilarious fun-fest in which Groucho, Harpo and Chico Marx are joined by Florence Rice, Kenny (Mikado) Baker and Nat Pendleton. Spencer Tracy co-starred for the first time with beautiful Hedy Lamarr in "I Take This Woman." "The Ship Around the Corner," starring Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart with Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, and on the way to Australian screens is M-G-M's great production of "Waterloo Bridge," presenting Vivien Leigh in her first role since "Gone With the Wind," and co-starring with Robert Taylor!

The tremendous success of David O. Selznick's Technicolor "Gone With the Wind" in Sydney and Melbourne, is now supplemented by the film's South Australian Premiere season at two theatres—West and the Metro—in Adelaide, and announcement of the Queensland Premiere season which will commence in August at the Metro and Wintergarden Theatres, Brisbane! LEO, of M-G-M.

Face as White as a Ghost

SHE WAS HEADACHY, DEPRESSED

"My face was as white as a ghost and I felt I was going to have a nervous collapse," states Mrs. E.P. of Leichhardt, N.S.W. "I suffered from anaemia and nerves for six years, and although I had different treatments, I made no progress. I could not sleep at night, was terribly depressed and had nervous headaches."

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and have taken a short course of these pills. I am glad to say that the nervous headaches have vanished and I feel much stronger. I sleep soundly and do not get that tired, listless feeling. My complexion has lost its unnatural whiteness and my nerves are splendid."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, by helping to create rich, red blood, give colour to cheeks and lips, and strengthen the nerves and system throughout. If you are anemic, nervous, depressed, suffer from spells, headaches, breathlessness, let nothing prevent you from taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. 3/- bottle at chemists and stores.

BEFORE BEDTIME START DRIVING OUT BRONCHITIS

Sleep Sound All Night... Enjoy a coughless night—sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 2 or 3 doses of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple action) before you go to bed—it's safe for the kids, also.

For bronchial coughs—for tough, old, persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's—by far the longest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzard cold Canada—and feel as good as ever again. It "acts like a flash"—and it's 2/3 of all chemists and stores.

As supplied to the Canadian Government—and to the Canadian Mounted Police—A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

HIS parents were now dead, his sisters married in homes far from the river district, and they had too many troubles and interests of their own to bother any more about Geoff's artistic career. When he had married Joan he had loved her for her utter dissimilarity to those with whom he associated. She was restful, he said, by which he meant she provided him with an unfailingly tactful audience of one to all his grand speeches, his theoretical ideas on how life ought to be lived.

At first she had believed him clever, brilliant beyond words, and then, with the slow but sure knowledge of the wise young woman, she had seen right through his artificial wit and found the stupid boy behind it. A spoiled, stupid boy, who did not know what life even meant.

She did. By the end of the winter

her plan for betterment was complete. Just as spring snowed the valley beyond the hill with blossom and the trees along the river burst into tender green, the lawns of the old river house grew a crop of large sun umbrellas and rustic tables, as though a wizard had evoked these mushroom-like objects from the earth overnight. Bundles and cases arrived from the city. A girl was hired. And out on the road, which bent in kindly to touch the green gates by the pines and dive off again, a sign-board was swung on two iron hooks below a tree:

DEVONSHIRE TEAS.
LUNCHEONS. SUPERS.

The "supper" idea was a brain-wave, as the river road carried much

of the traffic cutting between two towns, and commercial travellers, tourists, lorry-men, and stray country dwellers returning from shows had nowhere to get coffee or food late at night.

Several people called on the artist's wife, and she received them with just the right shade of shamefaced merriment.

"Yes, we are thoroughly cranky, I know, but everyone these days does something. It's fun. I've never had such fun."

Joan had no wish to be pitted as a deserted, penniless wife.

And the customers kept rolling in at all hours of the day and night. Fun! Well, not quite fun, but it did keep her from thinking. And it was quite nice, she told herself, to add

up-sums occasionally and find herself saving quite a tidy bit of money.

Oil for the lamps of the faithful—money served its purpose well. Her lamp glow must never fade out. One of two people can never give in, though one often does. When both do—?

It amused her in a grim fashion to set an old-fashioned oil lamp in the lounge window each night, so that its glow was becoming a famous sign in the dark of the night. It did more than lure passing travellers into her now well-known tea place; it kept her courage glowing with the wick inside the glass.

But nobody knew that; she was such a silent, quiet little thing.

One year passed and Joan still lighted her lamp each night. A sign



VINTAGE-WINE and beige is sleeked down to a slim silhouette and climaxed with Schiaparelli's famous knapsack pockets. Wine leather accents and felt hat.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR ALL AUSTRALIAN WOMEN!

SPECIAL FREE GIFT NEWS

Since the commencement of the war we have passed on to the public the FULL benefits of large pre-war purchases of our gifts without increasing their point value. It is with pleasure that we announce that for some months yet we are able to continue offering most of our free gifts without increasing their point value. THE ONLY EXCEPTIONS apply to scout knives, scissors, gollywogs, ladies' wristlet watches, plates, water pistols, picnic sets, marbles and all aluminium ware, the point values of which, owing to mounting costs, will be increased as from August 1st, 1940.

WHAT TO DO? All gifts are available at the following addresses:
MELBOURNE: 111 Market Street.
ADELPHI: 111 Market Street.
PERTH: 111 Market Street.
BRISBANE: 111 Market Street.
SYDNEY: 111 Market Street.
MILBURN: 111 Market Street.
WAGGA: 111 Market Street.
MURUMBidgee: 111 Market Street.
MURUMBidgee: 111 Market Street.
MURUMBidgee: 111 Market Street.

IMPORTANT—WARTIME CONDITIONS MAKE THESE OFFERS SUBJECT TO ALTERATION WITHOUT NOTICE

Gift coupons from all of these Sanitarium Health Foods combine for all free gifts

Best Electric Toaster, guaranteed, heavily nickel plated, rust-proof. Packing and postage 1/6.

391 POINTS
Brightly coloured Australian Towels in blue, green and red; colours guaranteed fast. Size 22 x 34. Postage 6d each.

Each \$3 POINTS
Supper Set with 4 Servings, in attractive art silk design, white and three pastel shades, ivory, lemon and pale green (state preference). Size 12 x 15 in. Postage 6d.

195 POINTS
Apex Prox oval Ceramic Dish, guaranteed 12 months. 11 in. diam. Packing and postage 1/6.

184 POINTS
DESSERT KNIFE 35 points
DESSERT FORK 35 points
TEASPOON 14 points
Postage 3d each. All high grade quality.

YES... I MUST HURRY AND GET THOSE SHEETS AND TOWELS WITH MY COUPONS BEFORE THEY GO. THEY ARE SUCH WONDERFUL VALUE AND NEW STOCKS WILL BE DEARER.

ISN'T IT FINE OF THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY TO PASS ON TO US SO MANY BENEFITS OF THEIR PRE-WAR PURCHASES OF GIFTS!

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

1-24-24

of more costly shape and size had replaced the old one formerly hanging on the tree by the gates. The new sign was of beaten iron-work, in the shape of a lamp, in which, at night, a real light burned. Above it, lighted by an electric globe hidden inside a hood of tin, was a bold Lamp Glow Inn.

It appealed to the passers-by. What a quaint idea, they said, or, how welcoming it looked, and how cosy, appearing like that in the dark when coming round the bend.

Parties commenced to telephone for catering, and several of the old artistic friends heard of Joan's venture, even going so far, to satisfy their curiosity, as to drive the long distance from the city with other interested friends.

ONE Monday evening, just after the rush had returned to the nearby country towns and Joan breathed in relief, a girl called Topsy arrived in a small car with a man whom she called Bill. Bill was unknown to Joan, but Topsy was one of the usual week-end visitors. Topsy privately thought Geoff a fool, Gilda an affected doll, and Joan far too good to know any of the crowd.

"You are my guests," said Joan briefly, as they appeared before her. "Come into my private room and have a bite with me. Mushrooms and toast and the remains of the Devonshire teas. Will that do?" She called: "Ellen, tea and food for three in my den. Tell Louise and Gerby to clear up thoroughly for to-night. The Mayhews are coming out for coffee and sandwiches for fifteen, after the dance."

"Very businesslike," murmured Topsy.

"Rather," said Bill, which seemed to be about all he ever did say. He was blond, plump, and amiable, and always wore plus-fours.

After the meal Topsy unceremoniously sent him out to admire the scenery, feed the fowls, hang himself, whatever he pleased, so long as he left her alone with Joan, for whom Topsy's respect was growing apace.

"As a matter of fact," commenced Topsy, with a flutter of her red-tipped fingers, "I wanted to have a word with you about—"

"My husband," interrupted Joan. Topsy was taken back. "Well, yes, it was my idea. But if you know—?"

"I know a lot."

"Yes," drawled the girl, "I suppose you do. Your sort usually do, but do you know that she's left him—flat?"

Joan's heart missed a beat. She could feel the quick, warm pumping under her ribs. Only by means of desperate control could she screen her agitation from her companion.

"What—else?" she asked, smiling. "He's up against it," said Topsy, now sorry she had interfered. There was something in Joan's quiet gaze that reminded her of a child waiting for a slap. "But with artists that's nothing," the girl hastened to add. "Up one day, down the next. And he has genius."

"What for?" asked Joan. —And the interview suddenly ended, without Topsy ever realising just how that had come about.

Please turn to Page 30

Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

BETTER THAN BEST

THE extreme urgency of our Empire's need is the measure in which our free-will offerings are required and will be given.

More than our best is the height to which we must attain.

Years spent in the trivial round have vanished as a morning mist.

They were the forerunners for our real life work.

Perhaps we needed our Empire's call to show what we really can do.

What we would have called miracles are now well within our ability.

El for this letter to Mrs. Grace Ferguson, Yorketown, S.A.

WHY NOT DANCE?

IN our endeavor to "smile and carry on," I, among others, have been told we are frivolous to dance, and we have no right to enjoy it.

I consider that everyone should relax occasionally, for otherwise how can we keep up with our various tasks of knitting, collecting ARP, and first aid?

Dancing relieves the strain for a couple of hours, and freshens us for our further efforts in the "Will to win."

Mrs. Ida Calow, 9 Wales St., West Brunswick N12, Vic.

MEN IDEALISTS

NOT long ago, a woman bookseller stated in an interview that our soldiers were mostly buying books of poetry to take overseas for reading.

She also said that in normal times men were in the majority as purchasers of poetry.

It seems reasonable to assume from this that the average man is more sensitive and much more of an idealist than the average woman.

Mr. R. Pearce, 46 Cameron St., Balmmain, N.S.W.

So They Say

Is there need for a large trousseau?

THERE is a reason, Miss Barrie (29/6/40), why engaged girls collect large trousseaus.

What is the result when a girl (who has been earning a reasonable wage) marries a man on, or just above, the basic wage?

The girl has a good idea of how



Saves money later on.

far money goes—she has had to manage on her own income for several years—and is under no illusions of what it will take to keep a home going.

The man is saving hard to provide the home; the girl knows there won't be much left to buy all the dainty things she would like to have, so she does the most reasonable thing—makes an effort to provide them herself while her regular income allows her to acquire things gradually.

Miss Margaret Stevenson, 68 Albert Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Helps later on

A GIRL should have just as large a trousseau as she can get.

Should she and her husband be paying for their house from the time of their marriage, it is a great help not to have any need to buy household things or clothes.

Also, if the money she earned before marriage was not spent on collecting a "glory box," it would be wasted on unnecessary luxuries.

Not many of us really save unless we have to.

Isa McMillan, Pakington St., Chiswell, Geelong, Vic.

Night clinics for babies to free mothers

I STRONGLY oppose Mrs. Goodridge's idea of a night clinic for babies (29/6/40).

We should not "park" a baby in the way we "park" a car.

A mother's first duty is to her baby, and she should be prepared to make some sacrifice for it.

Such pleasures as pictures and dancing should remain in abeyance till baby is well and truly on his feet.

Mrs. E. Goode, 1 Clyde St., Parkside, S.A.

Deserves support

A NIGHT clinic for babies would be a great help for many mothers who wish to have an occasional well-deserved outing.

Mothers who spend too much time on amusement and too little on their babies would do that whether there were clinics or not.

Statistics show that in Australia motherhood of late has fallen into disfavor.

Anything that would tend to encourage women to have more babies deserves our support, and night clinics would eliminate some of the drudgery of motherhood.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Grange, Brisbane.

Persistent talkers who build stories from rumors

ONE hears everywhere to-day much discussion, lamentation, advice and conjecture.

Free thought and expression is a principle of democracy, but there are those who express very strong "opinions" which are nothing more than rumors on subjects of which they are almost ignorant.

They build up from a molehill of truth or rumor a great mountain of supposition, fiction and lies, which an only result in panic or worse.

Why cannot people learn that a wise opinion can only be expressed with a thorough knowledge of the subject discussed, especially at a time like this?

Miss M. M. Davies, 69 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

No real use

UNLESS a mother is prepared to leave her baby in the clinic all night, what use would there be for such an institution?

It certainly would be completely wrong to take the baby home late at night, after the pictures or a dance. I am sure that few women would consider moving a child about at night just to give themselves a few hours of entertainment away from the home.

Mrs. P. Burns, Beach Rd., Black Rock, Vic.

Give pleasure

THERE would be a rise in the birth-rate if women had not to forgo so many pleasures when babies arrived.

If they could enjoy an outing at night with husband or friends, a family would be more welcome.

Also, it would be good for baby to be sleeping peacefully in a restful atmosphere rather than to be breathing heavy air in a crowded hall or theatre.

Mrs. John Richards, Won Won, Glraween Grove, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

Not practicable

THERE is something in what Mrs. Goodridge suggests, but it seems only practicable in picked suburbs. Also distance to and from a clinic, however central, raises a doubt as to its acceptance generally.

Mrs. L. Howarth, School House, Tempe, N.S.W.

Should we allow our anger to be obvious?

WHILE some people might have sufficient self-control to benefit by an outburst of anger, for the majority it is most unwise. L. Smith (29/6/40).

Far better to cultivate a sense of humor that allows one to laugh at annoyances than to lose one's



Can't take back angry words.

temper and risk badly hurting those we love.

Mrs. P. Mortimore, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Speak openly

PEOPLE who "bottle up" their anger or resentment make far worse enemies than those who burst into an open rage.

Small, irritating trifles gradually assume absurdly large proportions when they are just stored in the mind, but if mentioned straight away are soon forgotten.

If the cause for anger is very great, well, a good burst of hearty rage makes the position quite clear.

Miss S. Butler, Lewis St., Brighton, S.A.

Coward's way

PEACE at any price is in many instances a coward's way out.

Truth does not hurt anyone, and while uncontrolled temper is dangerous, righteous indignation is an admirable quality.

It is wrong to nurse resentment, and better to face the enemy and fight it out.

Miss Lois M. Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

£1 For Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

LIKES TO READ

DO readers think the average stenographer is well-read? I am a stenographer of ten years' experience, having had quite a change in offices, and cannot honestly say I have met more than one or two girls who could discuss books with me.

I like biographies, best-sellers, history and travel books and most of the classics, but the girls I have come in contact with cannot be bothered with any of these, and, if they read at all, just read light fiction.

Miss A. Vincent, 268 Beach Rd., Black Rock, Vic.

CHOICE OF WORDS

ARE not many parents much too careless in their verbal methods of controlling their children?

Recently I heard a mother remark to her little son that she would "murder" him if he did not sit still.

With its appalling association, here was a woman using the word as if it meant nothing, and to the child, of course, mother's word cannot ever be wrong.

Such misuse of words in the training of a child is pitiful.

Mrs. Don Marshall, Hinchinbrook Island, via Cardwell, N. Qld.

TOO PERSONAL

AM I old-fashioned, hypersensitive and mid-Victorian when I refuse to discuss my "operations" in public?

I recently joined a Bridge Club—only beginners, which may account for the lack of concentration—and have been amazed by the lack of reticence of my fellow members. They seem to delight in details of their various illnesses, particularly operations.

There is only one thing I dislike more than having to discuss my own personal affairs—that is to hear someone discussing her affairs, which are no concern of mine and in which I am not the least interested.

Miss Peggy Wilson, c/o 90 Ourimbah Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP



Cuticura is a MEDICINAL and TOILET soap, combining in one big tablet the unique soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura Ointment, with the mildest and most beautifying soap base that science has devised. The result is a soap with a superlative cleansing and beautifying action. The richly emollient and refining lather penetrates to the bottom of the pores, ridding them of every particle of beauty-spoiling dirt, grease and make-up residue. It renders dry, harsh, hungry skin as supple and smooth as velvet. Your

complexion blooms anew with new life, new youth and fascinating beauty.

To relieve sore rough skins, also to heal pimples and skin outbreaks and injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. For the perfect finish to your daily bath, dust all over with superfine Cuticura Talcum.

Cuticura

PREPARATIONS

INDIGESTION

HEARTBREAKING SUFFERING ENDED

"This Remedy Fulfills all its Claims"

The above words were written by one who suffered intensely from inflamed stomach, acidity and heartbreaking indigestion.

He says:—"De Witt's Antacid Powder gave me prompt relief, which has been sustained. To-day I am really well and, for the first time in years, I can eat anything. This remedy fulfils all its claims."

(Name and address on application).

Why does De Witt's Antacid Powder give such splendid results? Simply because of a new-principle, triple-action formula that neutralises excess acid, protects the delicate stomach lining and digests part of your food. The very first dose does the job.

No more pain after meals, so eat what you like and enjoy every meal.



Another user says:
"I could not enjoy my meals owing to heartburn and sour stomach. I took De Witt's Antacid Powder. The results were wonderful. I now eat anything and enjoy it, though I have to take my meals at all hours."
Mr. A. E. Dooley, Flemington, Victoria.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.



CALVERT'S
CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

Use CALVERT'S twice a day for sound, strong, sparkling teeth. Dentists use and recommend powder to keep teeth and mouth really clean.

FOR CAREFREE TEETH



ON the way back to town later that night she gave vent to her feelings and Bill suffered it nobly: "Bill, I admire Joan. She's making money out of that business, and saw through Geoff from the start. In my opinion, he's bumped up hard against reality for the first time in his life, and it'll either make or break him. He's suffering the tortures of the damned, unwanted, lonely, penniless, his pictures devoid of marketable value, his lady-love walked out on him, and his shoes in holes. I saw him last week at that new dance place they're decorating. I was after a dance job, but nothing doing. They're hiring professionals. He was trying to get the job of doing the panels. You know, nymphs in the woods and fawns in the ferns. Well, he didn't get the job. That's being done by a professional also. So now what—of Geoffrey?"

"Rather," exclaimed Bill, watching the dark road ahead.

"Don't be an idiot! 'Rather' isn't an answer. What can we do?"

"Nothing," said Bill, as Joan had said it long ago. Apparently he had more sense than Topsy suspected. But she, being a woman, did not give up the idea of doing something, and sat huddled in the car spinning her dark plots of sentimental mercy.

They were wasted. Ten days later she discovered that Geoff had left the city. Now what? Oh, what a mix-up. Men were silly, egotistical fools with their vanities and pride. Why didn't the man go home to Joan, where he belonged, where she waited for him. Love was senseless. Loyalty was utter idiocy, and—Topsy grinned uneasily. She had not the power to condemn either the sort of love Joan knew or her loyalty.

Towards the end of the year Joan bought herself a small car—"to fit me," she said to the agent, who, appreciating her, laughed. It was useful and provided her with a change of scenery when she could escape the popular Lamp Glow Inn.

It was while calling on the nearby farm about an extra supply of eggs, cream, and milk that Joan received a shock. The farm was right off the main road, ten miles from the inn. Because of the prices and quality, she dealt with the Harris'. They had a fine herd of Jerseys and a spotless dairy. The shock kept Joan breathless over the driving-wheel for some minutes, as she watched, mesmerized, a lean figure in rough clothing carrying buckets across a yard behind the milking sheds. She waited until she could control herself, then started the engine. The man did not look round. She drove away while thinking furiously, and

nodded several times as the car bumped over the rough road.

So that was that! She was proud, happy, yet her heart ached intolerably. She wanted to go to him and put her arms round him, begging him to come back—to forget and start again. She longed to write to him and say she knew he was there, working as a farm hand, slogging at real honest labor because his artistic purpose had failed him.

Geoff face to face with the incontestable realities of working for his existence, friendless, wifeless, homeless, on a lonely farm where nobody at all could discuss a theory on art, literature, or life. It was life itself that he lived now, and it needed no explanation. There were no words to fling about in order to explain the simple truth, that . . . men . . . "learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Joan gazed her little car and took herself indoors to cope with the beginning of the afternoon custom.

SEVERAL weeks later the big storm came that wrecked so many houses, shattered several trees, and frightened the lives out of the people living in the river district. In the midst of it, somewhere about two in the morning, Joan got from her bed to move urgently, in fear, round the creaking house. Lightning flashed blue across the lawns; the river hopped in and out of the dark and showed itself to be rapidly rising, and the rain came to drown the thunder of the air in the thunder of heavy drops. Then the wind came tearing with a screech from the hills.

A crash made Joan catch her breath. What was that? A tree, or the summerhouse, or the sign over the gate. Not the sign over the gate. She felt superstitious about it. Her slippery feet led her into the little room where the lamp always

Lamp Glow

Continued from Page 28

burned. The window was unscreened, a dark polished reflection of the room until the lightning flashed. Drabbles of rain ran down the panes. A branch scratched and squeaked on the glass. Another crash! Thank heaven the warning sky had made her order Tom to put the umbrellas and chairs indoors. She thought suddenly of Gertrude, probably trembling in terror under the bedclothes.

Making sure the lamp burned safely inside the closed window, Joan went along the chilly corridors to the servant girl's room and found her almost gibbering. Joan switched on the light; then, as the room sprang into luminance, the light went out. The house was all at once a place of waiting terror, dark and echoing.

Joan silenced the girl's shrill scream and together they sat there until four o'clock. With a tired moan or two, the wind dropped, to scuffle away over the hill to wreak vengeance in another place. Drip, drip went the gutterings. Rivulets ran merrily down the garden paths, and behind it surged the deep river.

"I'll make tea," said the girl, coming to her senses, "if you let me have a candle, Mrs. Burton."

"All right. Put on a gown and slippers. I'll be in the little lounge—where the lamp is. Take a candle from the store cupboard. We'll be weeks cleaning up the place."

Joan, less startled now that the worst of the storm had passed to leave her unharmed, went thoughtfully to the lounge where she curled up in an armchair and watched the window. The lightning flickered only, now, behind the glow of the lamp. She looked pale and young huddled up in her gown.

Suddenly she held her breath. A flicker of blue light out of doors had for a moment outlined a moving figure. Then it was gone.

Please turn to Page 32

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1—"Everything may be borne by brave men." So declared Richard Coeur de Lion—Robert Clive—George Washington—Benjamin Disraeli—Napoleon.

2—There are plenty of odd jobs to be done in the garden at present preparing for the spring flowering. Talking of gardening, a biennial is a plant that flowers twice in one year—in the second year—every two years—two years running.

3—if you haven't been polishing up your North African geography you should have, so it's your own fault if you don't know that the town of Tripoli is in Spanish Morocco—Libya—Tunisia—Abyssinia—Northern Algeria.

4—What's a panegyric? One of the digestive glands—an uproar—a plumed headdress—a laudatory discourse—a universal remedy.

5—You're quite right! Strauss DID compose the music of "The Chocolate Soldier," but there's a catch in it. Which Strauss? Richard Strauss—Oscar Strauss—Johann Strauss.

6—Go and hide your diminished head if you can't say without hesitation that the smallest of these four is New South Wales—Tasmania—Victoria—South Australia.

7—Ever heard of Adolphe Sax? He was the first ruler of Saxony—was responsible for the saxophone—evolved sax-blue—invented chewing gum—was the proprietor of a famous American curio shop.

8—Here's a gift for the housewife. The herb marjoram is scented like Mint—garlic—lemon—thyme.

9—Yes, you have a fibula. It is a bone in your Neck—arm—leg—hand.

10—This would be easy, too, if you were always as attentive as you should be in the classroom. The elder of the two Little Princes in the Tower was actually King Edward IV—King Edward V—King Richard II—just Prince Edward of York.

Answers on Page 32

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 3332, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.



Of course . . . men prefer BRUNETTES!

Not only those brunettes who have learnt the secret of retaining their hair from their hair! Only those who are the shining stars—the winners of the most beautiful—glowing complexion—whose hair is so soft and so smooth and so black. Only BRUNITEX will bring these amazing results. Write especially for Brunitex to receive your free trial and see the true glory of your hair.

BRUNITEX SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

While she slept her hands became softer and whiter!

"My hands were so rough and red that I always wanted to put them behind my back when I met people," says Mrs. G. Burton of Frenchman's Road, Randwick. "I'd given up hope of ever having nice hands, until my chemist recommended Pond's Hand Lotion. It felt lovely and soothing—not a bit sticky like other hand lotions I've tried. So I got into the habit of using Pond's regularly, every time I washed, and before going to bed at night. And I was surprised when I found out how much difference Pond's made to my hands! I noticed it after just a few applications—and now Pond's Hand Lotion keeps my hands so beautifully soft and smooth you'd never guess how much housework I do!"

Daily protection needed to keep hands lovely.

Washing up, peeling vegetables, housework, being out in chapping winds and sun—these are the things which, every day, take the beauty out of your hands.

No wonder they need daily protection! You can keep your hands soft, smooth and white. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. And Pond's is rich and concentrated. You actually need less of this creamy hand lotion.

Do this every night for soft, white hands.

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you'll be thrilled: how much whiter and softer your hands become. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/- at all stores and chemists and 1/9 for recommended large bottle containing more than twice as much.



When you feel a cold coming on, Get out your Bottle of . . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Be sure you've a bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure in the house. It's marvellous the way it gets to work on a cold and clears it up. In double-quick-time it soothes and relieves that raw throat and sore chest. It quickly checks that irritating tickling cough. Give and take it for coughs and colds and all chest troubles.

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Women Also Serve

Business girls visit camps to sew and darn



Miss Cynthia Skrine.

Wife of Governor gives antique ring

TO add to the many articles at the Red Cross Variety Shop, 82 Collins Street, Melbourne, Lady Dugan, president of the society, has given an amethyst ring.

It is part of a set which belonged to Lady Dugan's mother, who had a fine collection of antique treasures. The disposal of the ring will be organised later, and Lady Dugan has also suggested that the shop should hold special sale days, one of which could be the sale of antique furniture and china.

Opened by the Toorak and South Yarra Red Cross Emergency Company for the duration of the war, the shop has a splendid display of handwork, provisions, and flowers provided by the members.

They work to a daily time-table from 9.30 a.m. to 6 p.m., superintended by Mrs. Konrad Hiller and Mrs. Russell Clarke.

Women golfers compete for war laurel wreath

By a "War Laurel Wreath" golf competition, 300 South Australian women golfers are raising a substantial sum for the Fighting Forces Comforts Fund.

The idea for this originated with Mrs. Mark Ridgway, president of the South Australian Ladies' Golf Union.

A laurel wreath competition for associates was begun several years ago to improve match play, but it was not until the end of last year that Mrs. Ridgway suggested that an entrance fee be made for war funds.

The laurel wreath is in the form of an attractive little brooch. The leaves are carried out in green enamel edged with gold.

Across the bottom of the wreath the date is inscribed in small white-and-gold lettering.

About 66 clubs are competing for the War Laurel Wreath. As the competition is match play, it will continue throughout most of the season in the clubs which have a large number of members.

Arranged floral prayer for national effort

A PRAYER written in flowers was the idea of Mrs. B. Mehrens during South Australia's effort toward the Seven Weeks of Continuous Prayer being carried out by the National Council of Women.

The King's words, "May the Almighty Hand Guide and Uphold Us All," were chosen for the prayer, which, formed of roses, lay at the foot of the War Memorial.

As their silent offering, hundreds of South Australian women brought roses to put on the letters which covered an area of 90 ft. by 50 ft.

Each letter was 4 ft. high and 3 ft. across, and the flowers were caught to the foundation of thick paper.

TO sew and darn and type letters for the men in camp at the Sydney Showground, members of the Business Girls' Voluntary Service visit the camp every Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Cynthia Skrine, organiser of the B.G.V.S., received over 100 applications for membership within a week of the formation of the unit.

"We want more members, because we hope to visit the camps at Rosebery and Kensington," said Miss Skrine.

"The girls must be over twenty-one, and British subjects, but otherwise there are no conditions for membership."

"The men seem so very grateful for our efforts in mending their clothes and doing their shopping for them."

"Lady Fisk has lent us two sewing machines, which we have in a pavilion out at the Showground, and they get plenty of use," said Miss Skrine.

Applications for membership should be sent to Box 2342M, G.P.O., Sydney.

Girls to receive training for Land Army

THE Country Women's Association of Victoria has decided to establish a women's Land Army.

The first school for the instruction of girls has been opened at Road's End, Berwick, the home of Mrs. S. V. Sewell, who organised the plan.

Seventeen girls will be accommodated in the house, and thirteen more from the district will attend lectures.

They will be taught to handle cows and sheep, and given some knowledge of pastures and farm machinery.

Other C.W.A. centres will open schools later, and work most suited to the district will be taught.

Some graziers have offered to take girl jackeroos, and farmers at Berwick and in fruit-growing districts will take pupils to learn pruning and spraying.

Every Land Army girl will be under the care of the C.W.A., and members will inspect the accommodation and conditions where the girls work.



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Reminiscent of early Victorian grandeur is this handsome Candelabra by International Silver who recommend Silvo to preserve the beauty of your Silverware.

SILVO is easy to use, safe and sure. It treats the lustrous surface with due respect, banishing tarnish and dimness, polishing quickly, carefully and well.

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TO BECOME one of the Land Army girls of New South Wales the Hon. Henrietta Loder, daughter of His Excellency the Governor, Lord Wakehurst, and Lady Wakehurst, will spend her University vacation on a farm.

Emergency Legion members learn to shoot

LEARNING to shoot is the latest activity of members of the Women's Emergency Legion in Rockhampton, Queensland.

In this they have the co-operation of the Miniature Rifle Club, as members give instruction as well as leading rifles and ammunition.

The legion was instituted by Mrs. D. J. Daniel. The commander is Mrs. J. Macfarlane, who, with the organising secretary, Miss Anne Murlagh, arranged the first field day held in Rockhampton.

One of the aims of the legion is to cheer the soldier on his way. Parcels are sent to boys of the A.I.F. in camp, and handed to them when leaving Rockhampton.

Morning tea is given to recruits before they leave on the train, and they are farewelled with parcels.

Future activities include the donations of a horse transport and a motor transport. The motto of the legion is "Service," with every member ready and willing to do her bit towards helping to win the war.

To write cheery letters to soldiers abroad

NO member of Victoria's fighting forces need worry about not getting letters while he is abroad, for this will be one of the main functions of the B.L.O.T.S. Club, the newest club just formed in Melbourne.

Organised by Genevieve Outler and Rhoda Sawkins to brighten the lives of lonely men serving with the fighting forces, the club is composed of young Melbourne girls.

As the work will be by correspondence, the organisers decided to call themselves the "Blots," and then discovered the title epitomised their object, "brightening the lives of the services."

The plan has the official approval of the Defence Department, and leaflets setting out the objects of the club are being sent to divisional commanders for exhibition on notice boards.

Each "Blot" will be asked to send frequent cheery letters, papers, and magazines to one of the men serving.

To ensure that letters are cheery a circular is being forwarded to each member with a list of topics to help with first letters, such as sport and music, books, animal interests (guinea pigs and white mice included), the big football match, even a mention of fashion, cooking and gardening interests.

Members must keep the correspondence up regularly, whether they receive replies or not, and if they cannot carry on they must report to the secretary so that someone else may take their place.

Girls who would like to help in this way are asked to get in touch with the secretary, B.L.O.T.S. Club, Town Hall, Melbourne.



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THEY FIT...AND
THE PATTERNS
ARE BEAUTIFUL

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SHIRTS
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To Relieve Catarrh Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can now be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in every instance has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist 1 ounce Parmit (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parmit is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing rumbling, hissing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.***

YOUTH can be yours QUICKLY!

Nature—and medicine—have a remedy for premature Old Age. Don't feel that life has ended for you—your days and nights need no longer be wrecked by lack of sparkle, vigour and vitality. The first glass of WINCARNIS—the "No Waiting Tonic"—will give the alertness of youth to your entire system. WINCARNIS is a rich, nourishing blend of the choicest wine and two kinds of vitamins essential to health. It does you good immediately—your brain, heart and nerves feel the benefit of the first glass. This is not just a vague claim, but a statement supported by over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. Start a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day. Your health needs it. You will like it—WINCARNIS is the most pleasant way of regaining quickly the vigour and vitality of youth.

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Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THIS COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

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3-IN-ONE OIL
("Trade-Mark")

SHE sat tense, her heart thudding, waiting for the shape to reappear, thinking unutterable things about marauders, thieves, lost wayfarers, escaped lunatics. . . . And then it came again, a definite shape. A man, a felt hat outlined, and a face without features. A blur of a face. . . . A thick scream rose in her throat. One hand lifted and held the front of her gown tightly across her neck. Her gaze could not break away from the window.

There was a sound behind her. She jumped and turned her head, terrified of seeing not Gertrude there with a homely tray, but . . . something else.

A man was standing in the doorway, a haggard-faced man streaked by mud, soaked through to the skin, his caked boots heavy on the carpet, water oozing from his garments to the floor. The man was Geoffrey.

Joan swallowed, moved, and fell back in the chair. Geoff closed the door and leaned against it desperately. "Don't let anyone see me in here like this," he muttered.

Joan heard a knock, summoned her wits into order, and called clearly: "Take your tea to your room, Gertrude, and put the tray on the table outside this door. I'll get it presently."

The interruption had removed some of the nightmare quality from Geoff's dramatic visit in the dying of the storm. Joan looked at him, saw his wretched condition of mind and person, and had the situation in hand at once.

"Sit down here on this chair. I'll get the tray."

In five minutes they were drinking tea and eating bread and butter in dead silence. It was the man who broke the silence.

"I've not come to stay. The storm came and . . . Well, I thought of

Lamp Glow

Continued from Page 30

you alone here, and couldn't stay in bed."

"How did you get here from the farm?"

"Saddled a horse and rode. No car at the farm." His face twisted. "Nor could a farm hand use it if there was." The bitterness left him. "I've been working at . . . I say, how did you know where I came from?" he asked, as a thought struck him.

"I knew. I was there on business and saw you crossing the yard."

He was staggered. "And you didn't speak?" Then a wave of painful color swept over him. Joan winced. "Not that I'd have expected you to speak. Of all the rotters in creation I'm one of the worst. I'd better go now." Then: "Why didn't you speak? Will you tell me?"

"I knew you were working things out in your own way, and would find . . . yourself soon."

A WRY smile moved his lips. She saw that hard work, disillusion, and failure had not defeated him. There was a steadier look in his eyes, a firmer curve to his mouth. His words were to the point. He asked simple questions, and required simple answers. He had, in a phrase, come down to earth.

"You know a lot, don't you," said Geoffrey. "You're a dashed sight cleverer woman than I ever imagined."

"I'm not clever, Geoff. The people we tried to have here for week-ends were clever. Perhaps I'm just a wee bit—wise."

From beneath his dark brows he shot her a keener look: "Yes, you're wise. And wisdom isn't related to the superficiality of . . . cleverness. This place, Joan!" She caught her

breath at the sound of the familiar voice uttering her name. "You've done marvels with it. I've kept pace with you—in mind, I mean," he added awkwardly. "Well—I'd better go now."

He did not go any more than he had before when saying that. She poured fresh tea for them both and drank hers slowly. Setting her cup down she nodded at her husband: "Geoff, I'm proud of you."

His haggard face tautened in suspicious surprise. "What do you mean?"

Joan was husky. "Oh, I'm proud, proud of the way you took your beating. Geoff, it takes a very big man to do little things—when driven to it. And a mighty fine fellow to give up shams and accept what he can of real things! I've never been so proud in my life of you before. That day I saw you carting milk-pails I nearly burst with joy."

"Joy!" He stared hard, but his nervous tension was easing a trifle. Like a small boy he wanted to weep and hide his face in her lap. "Joy . . . milk pails . . .?"

"Never mind." She ate hastily at some bread and butter.

"By the way, I . . . Joan, what can I say?"

"Nothing."

He smiled faintly. "I seem to have heard that before."

"And you'll hear it again, perhaps. Geoff, do you still love me?"

"Love you?" He choked. "Love you? Heavens, what a fool I've been. I love you—only you. It's nearly driven me mad, loving you, wanting to tell you, barred from you by my own confounded idiosyncrasy. It's terrible—to love you."

"Why?"

"Not . . . being able to come home," he jerked.

She surprised him: "You are abroad—so you can't very well walk in through a storm. No, you can't do that. But you could—wait, Geoff—you could go away now, let nobody see you that knows you, and buy fresh clothes, and return here as if you've just come back from abroad. We won't speak of it again. Nobody will ask questions. You and I are mad, anyhow, if the eyes of the district."

"That's fine," he ground out in his agony. "But what do you think I am, to take money from you after what I've done, then come crawling back to sponge on you? What do you think I am?"

"My husband and my partner," she told him coolly. "The place is getting too much for me. I'd need a manager anyway, and have to pay handsomely. I've got other ideas, practical ones, and you could manage it all and let me attend only to the little things, which are all I can handle really. I've had luck, I can't keep it up. I'm . . . tired, Geoff, and I'm afraid I need you terribly. We could run the place between us, and you could paint in your spare . . ."

"I can't paint."

"Well, you can decorate the new dance hall, can't you?"

"Ye-es . . . of course. Yes, of course I could."

"Very well. I'll give you some money in advance for that job. A real artist would charge so much—Oh Geoff, I'm sorry," she added quickly.

The last of his artistic vanity crashed with a short, unbidden laugh. "That's all right. I'm not a real artist anyway."

"And the Lamp Glow Inn will go on . . .?"

"That letter! Lamp glow. I see! Well, of all the ideas— You deliberately made a defeat serve your own ends, and triumphed over disaster, Lamp glow. The flame. And . . ."

He turned to look at the lamp still burning in the window, but the dawn was quenching its light. The morning was lifting a dark and wretched garden into a ghastly grey-pink. Broken trees, fallen fences, overturned tables, sodden paths, trailing creepers spoke of the strength of

Animal Antics



"POOR little Jacko . . . he has to work for a living!"

the wind and the rain. The river sounded threatening. Behind the lamp the daylight lost its greyness; the rising sun shone saffron-colored on the drenched leaves. Slowly Geoff took his wife into his arms, holding her there quietly for a moment. She lifted her face for his kiss and heard his stifled cry. She was never to know what he tried to say, but perhaps she understood, for it did not need words.

"I'll get the money," she whispered, as if they were suddenly being overheard. "Come back to me soon, and be a credit in very nice clothes . . . Oh, come back soon, my darling."

When she turned the lamp out later in the broad light of early day, she lifted it tenderly to a shelf and stood watching it. There were tears in her eyes and a smile on her lips. Then she gazed out at the scene of desolation in the garden.

After the wreckage restoration must commence, and perhaps it would be all the better for the destruction. Things often were better when rebuilt after wreckage . . . gardens wrecked by storm . . . cities after earthquake . . . love after suffering. (Copyright)

BREAK IT DOWN!
NO BREAKFAST FOOD CAN RELIEVE CONSTIPATION!

Harsh purges appear to relieve constipation; actually they aggravate your condition.

HERE'S WHY. This diagram shows how food is digested and absorbed into the system. The food not absorbed passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough, the muscles can't get hold of it. You get constipated.




STOMACH—where food is prepared for further digestion.
SMALL INTESTINE—where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.
LARGE INTESTINE—into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.

Now, the action of harsh purges has nothing in common with the natural action of "bulk". In fact, harsh purges come as a shock to delicate internal muscles, hammering them into action. This brings temporary relief. If purging continues internal muscles are seriously weakened. Usually grave results are experienced by middle age—the penalty for the constant use of harsh cathartics.



HERE'S WHY Kellogg's All-Bran safely ends Constipation.

Kellogg's All-Bran gives the bowels the natural "bulk" they need, and so brings about a normal, natural movement. It works in the same way as the uncooked vegetables and fruit with which Nature intended to keep us naturally regular and which very few of us ever eat. However, the "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran acts more surely, more thoroughly. If your system already is in a bad way, it will massage those delicate internal muscles back to normal regularity.



Kellogg's All-Bran is a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal. It's all ready to serve just with milk and sugar. (Let the milk soak right in.) Tastes especially good sprinkled over any other breakfast cereal or stewed fruit.

Start your breakfast with Kellogg's All-Bran and you will have yourself safely regular in a week.

ONE WEEK LATER



I TAKE BACK ALL I SAID. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN HAS BROUGHT RELIEF IN A WAY I NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE

ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-DAY.

The answer is—

1. Richard Coeur de Lion.
2. In the second year.
3. Libya.
4. A laudatory discourse.
5. Oscar Strauss.
6. Tasmania.
7. Was responsible for the saxophone.
8. Lennon.
9. Leg.
10. Edward V.

Questions on Page 30

RHEUMATISM



RELAX TIRED MUSCLES
drive pain clean out!

When your joints and knuckles are swollen and your muscles ache with rheumatism—rub St. Jacob's Oil up and wait! Instant relief! Rub in St. Jacob's Oil. You feel its soothing glow on your skin as it goes quickly to work. You feel this soothing, penetrating oil sink deep into your muscles and joints. You actually feel it drawing out the pains and aches. Quick, glorious relief from Rheumatism, Backache, Neuritis, Lumbago and Neuralgia. St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.

Varicose Veins Rapidly Reduced

Simple Home Treatment that is Giving Amazing Results

The world progresses. To-day ailments that took weeks to cure can now be ended in a few days. If you have varicose veins or bunches you can start to-day to bring them back to normal size, and if you are wise you will do so.

Just get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil at any chemist's and apply it night and morning to the enlarged veins. It is very powerful and penetrating, and only a little is required.

After a few days' treatment the veins will begin to grow smaller, and by regular use will soon reduce to normal.

People who want to reduce varicose veins should not hesitate to get a bottle at once. It is so powerful that a small bottle lasts a long time. The leading chemists sell lots of it."



Charming love story of English countryside

Beauty in plot and background of "Rochester's Wife"

Fads in novels come and go, but the well-written love story never loses its appeal to a very large and important section of readers.

This is one reason why "Rochester's Wife," by D. E. Stevenson, is assured of a big public.

THERE are no frills about this novel. The author has a plain, straightforward story to tell, and she does it with a minimum of fuss, showing a clear understanding of the problems confronting her characters, and carefully observing the definite line that divides legitimate sentiment from cloying sentimentality.

The plot concerns young Dr. Kit Stone, who, returning to England after a few years of roving, settles down in a small English town, where he meets Mardie Rochester, who is married to the stockbroker partner of Kit's brother, John.

With Kit it is a case of love at first sight. Mardie is not the type of woman to think of deceiving her husband, even should Kit want her to, so the young doctor is on the point of deciding to leave his new job and take to a wandering life once more when tragedy strikes at the Rochesters.

After exhibiting signs of incipient



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easily—thanks to Steedman's," writes a mother. During teething keep baby's bloodstream cool and habits regular by using Steedman's Powders—mother's standby for over 100 years. The safe aperient for children up to 14 years.

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LIBRARY LIST

"Drink to Yesterday," Manning Coles. The spy story of the year.

"Fanny by Gaslight," Michael Sadlier. Tale of Victorian era.

"Sad Cypress," Agatha Christie. Another Hercule Poirot thriller.

insanity, Jack Rochester disappears; all search for him proves fruitless.

It is subsequent to this happening the feeling between Mardie and Kit becomes reciprocated. She goes to Scotland. It is when Kit visits her there that she discovers, finally, that she loves him.

The tragic thing for the two of them is that nothing can be done to win joint happiness because of Mardie's conviction that her husband is still alive.

How Miss Stevenson extricates her two principals from their dilemma is something it would be unfair to divulge, but she does it in a most natural and satisfactory way.

Apart from the pleasingly ingenuous quality of the story, the chief charm of this novel lies in the characters. They are all—with one exception—thoroughly nice people, using the word in its homely rather than its social sense.

Old Doctor Peabody, the country G.P. to whom Kit is assistant, is a sterling type.

"He was a big man, heavily built, and his broad shoulders stooped a little with the weight of his years. He was like a lion—blunt featured and shaggy, his big head covered with quantities of grey wavy hair. His brown eyes were sharp and keen, they peered out upon the world from beneath a pair of thick grey eyebrows."

Unusual face

AND Mardie: "... Not beautiful nor glamorous... but with something about her that drew Kit to her as a magnet draws steel..."

"An unusual face, he decided; the eyes were grey, very clear and candid, and they sparkled with life and humor as their owner talked or listened, but in repose the whole expression changed and became sorrowful... She showed in every movement the strange, awkward grace of a young colt."

These two, Doctor Peabody and Mardie, make up, with Kit, three out of the four major figures. The fourth is a small boy, Jen.

Jen is the kind of youngster every normal woman will like. Sensitive, highly imaginative, he has, at seven, a definite personality of his own.

He is old-fashioned in the way that all children brought up without playmates and much in the company of adults are old-fashioned, but there is nothing unpleasant in this quality so far as he is concerned.

Jen is no inconsiderable factor in the plot. His observations and capacity for re-enacting scenes he has watched play an important part in the action, while his refreshing outlook and direct, childish logic give variety to a story in which all the other characters are adults.

Of the subsidiary characters, the most memorable is "Honey," Mardie's old Scots nurse. This pattern lady epitomises the honesty



AGATHA CHRISTIE has written another fine murder mystery in "Sad Cypress," with Hercule Poirot as the sleuth.

and independence of the best Scottish peasant type. Her judgments are uncompromising, her opinions decided, and expressed in that dry, pithy manner which only people of her quality can achieve.

And speaking of old-fashioned qualities, "Rochester's Wife" is given quite an Edwardian flavor, in keeping with the story, by the chapter headings. Here are a few: "An Important Discussion," "A Cheerful Tea-Party," "The Youthful Doctor,"

"A Serious Conversation," "Dolly's Adventures," "An Eerie Vigil."

From these, one pictures the author as a rather charming elderly lady, living quietly in an English village, and writing very competently and sympathetically of the types of people she meets and knows in such surroundings. A picture, in short, which is supported by the novel itself.

"Rochester's Wife," by D. E. Stevenson. Collins.



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THE church door

Was open and a small group of peasants were standing around it. The women wore dark shawls and their strange, tilted little hats. The men had their hats in their hands. He saw the brown-bearded man who was Fritz's brother, and the sledge with the big horses waiting just outside in the yard. As he came up they all stared at him gravely, with curiosity and a little conventional sadness. No one spoke but Fritz's brother, who came up and took him by the arm and said, "Mr. Preysing?"

"Yes."

"Come in."

He went inside with his heart beating fast and saw before the altar the wooden coffin that contained, he reminded himself, only some logs and old quilts. On it was a wreath of evergreens and a bunch of florist's roses. Fritz had thought of the roses. A small old priest stood there, and Fritz in a black suit. The few people outside moved in after them, and the priest, after a word or two to Fritz, began the service.

Mark thought the service, short as it was, would never end. Don't let it be sacrilege, he begged. The priest stopped and turned to Fritz.

It was over, but it was not over. Fritz introduced Mark to the priest, who shook his hand mournfully and hurriedly. Then Fritz made a signal and two stalwart peasants, one the bearded brother, stepped forward.

"You take one end," said Fritz.

They and Fritz and Mark lifted the coffin, carried it out to the yard, and put it on the sledge. The brother climbed up and motioned Mark to climb up beside him.

All this, he thought, I'm going to try not to be aware of. The church bell began to toll once more. They

Escape

Continued from Page 6

turned up towards the meadows above the village, going very slowly, so that Fritz and the few people with him could follow on foot. Mark sat with eyes down.

Presently they turned through an opening in a wooden fence and stopped before a house. They got down, lifted the coffin again, and carried it up a snowy slope to a newly-dug grave in a little cluster of white birch trees. There was a man waiting, and ropes for lowering. This took some time, and the sun reached the top of the mountains and vanished, turning the valley below them into a great violet bowl of snow. Mark heard the first earth falling on the coffin, and Fritz took him by the arm.

"We're giving these people a little food," he said. "You probably won't want to join them."

"No," Mark said.

They walked back down the miry slope, the others following at a little distance.

"I have a list of the expenses," Fritz said. He took a folded paper out of his pocket. "Here it is. The truck, the clothes, and so forth, gasoline, priest, gravedigger, food for the mourners, some extras; all enumerated. You'll find it here."

Mark got out his purse and took a roll of bills. "Here," he said. "Now what about the passport?"

"I'm taking the truck back right away. It's a good excuse for leaving at once. I'll start attending to it to-night."

He drew Mark around the corner of the house. "How are things down there?" Fritz pointed his thumb towards the violet valley below.

"Everything's fine. She's getting along beautifully."

"The lady is making no trouble?"

"None at all."

"Good. Now, Mr. Mark, you stay as quietly at the hotel as you can. Be sad and quiet. Everyone in the village will know by now what you're here for. Better come up to-morrow and visit the grave. Bring flowers. Be sentimental about it and cry a little if you can. People here like that. But don't talk to anyone more than you can help. You might pay a visit to the countess. That way you can keep an eye on Madame Ritter, and people will notice it and think you're in good society."

Mark gave a suppressed laugh. Now that he was happy, it was a pity there was no one to share Fritz with.

Fritz said, "I'll drive you as far as the hotel."

As they drove, Fritz said, "Well, it's better this way, isn't it?"

"Good heavens, yes," Mark said.

They were both silent. They had nothing now to say to each other.

At the hotel, Mark said, "You'd better come in, so I can give you a cheque, in case you need more money."

They borrowed a pen from a young, polite clerk at the desk, and Mark signed a cheque, leaving the amount blank.

"Right?" he asked.

"Right, Mr. Mark, but I don't think I'll need any more."

By the way he folded it, you would have known he was an honest man.

Mark went up to his room. It was quite dark now. He turned on the light and lay down on his bed.

In a few hours, he thought, I'll telephone her. If I can't go myself into that house of hers, my voice can, and she will have to listen to it. He was thinking of what he would say. He was still thinking of it when he heard a knock on his door.

"Yes?"

It opened and the young clerk from below stood there with his eyes wide open in interested surprise.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Who is it?" Mark demanded.

The name the clerk gave him was one which he had never heard before, but it had a very formidable sound.

Mark sat up. "Who? Say that again, please."

The clerk repeated it.

"You're sure he wants to see me?"

"Yes, sir. He asked for Mr. Preysing."

"I'll come down."

But he already heard his visitor's heavy step on the stairs.

The girls would be gathered in the library for tea, but the countess had not heard the general's car, so she went in once more to see how Emmy was getting on.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Oh!" the countess exclaimed.

"You're better."

"I'm trying to see how well I am."

Her voice was stronger now; it had the deep flexibility of the actress' voice.

The countess sat down beside her on the bed and took her hand. "You have no fever?"

"I don't think so. I think I'm pretty well. I've eaten some fruit

Cold, Beware!

You win. I give you best. Through all the weary week You've followed and denied me rest,

Kept pace with every step; now when I speak I feel your fevered fingers at my throat.

My head is spinning and each burning cheek

Is scarlet from your touch. Voiceless and weak

I yield; permit my bed to lure me down,

And in a sea of lemon juice proceed to drown

Each aching hour. Take care! Next time I'll have you by the throat, I swear.

—YVONNE WEBB.

and drunk some milk. How terribly good it tasted!"

"It's not much, but I didn't dare bring more. You see, I'm the only one in the house who knows you're here."

Emmy looked thoughtfully at her. She wished to ask no prying questions. "I've been thinking that I'm a great danger to you," she said, "and that I ought to go."

"No, no. Not yet. That's impossible." The countess spoke earnestly. "Please don't think of it until everything is arranged. It will be very soon. Your—your son," she said haltingly, "will do what has to be done."

Out of her own confusion of motive she wanted instinctively to throw the credit for Emmy's rescue back on Mark. She wasn't willing yet to accept the full implication of what she herself had done.

Please turn to Page 36



Prelude

TO THE PERFECT EVENING

a bath with **NEW**
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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has arrived at Cockaigne. They propose to rescue beautiful **PRINCESS NARDA:** From **AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES:** Who has planned to marry her through the plotting of **PRINCE SEGRID:** Narda's ambitious brother, who is anxious to regain the throne of Cockaigne.

Attempts to kill Mandrake on the journey failed, and a scheme to have him imprisoned for smuggling money is foiled by his using hypnotism and persuading the Customs agent to let him go.

To the surprise of the Duke and Segrid, Mandrake calls on them at the palace. They decide to pose as his friends until they can remove him.

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Escape

EMMY leaned back on the pillow and clasped her hands behind her head.

Twenty-four hours ago she'd been lying in the prison bed and the doctor had whispered in her ear: "Whatever happens, try to stay asleep, because it will be all right." He'd done that at the risk of his life. And now this unknown woman also was ready, or so it seemed, to risk as much.

The world had to be learned all over. She said: "Those who come back from the dead have to begin again, don't they? Lazarus never said a word. I always wondered why; I think I know now."

"Do you feel like Lazarus?" the countess said, smiling.

"I feel as though I were seeing for the first time, and so have to learn all over again. I must learn to live with people who are more generous and more courageous than I ever dared believe. You can't just thank them for that."

The countess flushed. "You must be sure," she stammered, "that your being here makes me very happy. Your son is in the village, you know. We thought it would be better if he weren't seen here."

"Oh, yes," Emmy's eyes grew brighter and she gave a deep, luxurious sigh of contentment. "Thank you," she said.

Continued from Page 34

The countess went out, locked the door behind her, and took the key to her room and put it in her desk.

When she got to the library she saw, with a disagreeable shock, that the general was already there, sitting in the midst of the girls. He was in ski-ing clothes, and he had come, he said, on foot; just dropped in really, since he was on his way back to the hotel.

"Have you been here long?" she asked, sitting down at the tea table.

"Just five minutes," he said.

"Julia didn't tell me."

"I told her not to announce me. I knew you'd come down any minute."

His presence here, though she hadn't known of it, startled her, so that her hand shook as she poured his tea.

He didn't notice it. He sat by her, looking around him with satisfaction. "It was a wonderful afternoon," he was telling them. "The snow on the upper slopes was quite firm."

The general was enjoying himself in every way. He was enjoying himself because he had been exercising violently, and while he had felt very ill for a while up there on the slopes, that had passed, and now he was only conscious that he had put in a thoroughly manly afternoon.

He felt younger and handsomer in his white sweater rolled around his chin than he did in his uniform. But best of all, as he looked at the countess, he was enjoying the secret of what was between them, made always so much more poignant as at this moment, by these hard but inexperienced young eyes turned on him.

Suddenly, in the midst of these pleasures, he felt a change in the atmosphere.

As he talked he became gradually aware that in the fixed attention of the girls there was something like a mocking. He got out his monocle and fixed it in his eye. Yes, they listened demurely, but it was that that was off-key. It was their demureness that was too good to be true. They were overdoing it.

Then they knew something. Something perhaps very trivial, but inimical to him.

He began to feel ill again, as he had up on the slopes.

He was furious at all of them for bringing this sickness back, because they were certainly responsible. He was getting one of his headaches. One of the girls got up to turn on the radio. It was the hour when they heard waltzes from Vienna, but the air was full of static.

"Let's not have that," he said peremptorily.

The girl turned it off, surprised at the tone of his voice, and the others at once looked at him in an unfriendly way.

Then the new American girl said in a careless, general voice: "Suzanne and I passed Mr. Preysing in the village this afternoon, but he didn't see us."

The general said, "Mr. Preysing?"

The countess, without taking her head from her hand, felt a long wave of fright. She had now only



THIS BLACK FELT TOPPER with up-rolled brim and a huge black satin bow provides plenty of back interest.

an instant's safety, only until he asked her a question.

"Why didn't you bring him back to tea?" Marie said. "I'm sure the countess wouldn't have minded, would you, countess?"

The countess didn't answer, but she managed a smile in which the girls instantly detected reproach. At once they were sorry. Perhaps they shouldn't have said anything. And they knew they shouldn't when the general's voice, so elaborately smooth, asked, "And who is Mr. Preysing?"

No one answered, and he repeated sharply, "Who is Mr. Preysing?"

Marie said, "He's an artist."

"YOU should certainly have brought Mr. Preysing to tea," the general said. "Tell me, Ruby, is he by any chance that young man we were talking about?"

"What young man?" she said vaguely.

"Surely you remember. The one who took you to the concert. The young painter. The one," he added with emphasis, "who came to settle his mother's estate."

"Yes, he is," she said. No use lying, because a few inquiries in the village would settle that.

He turned to the girls, adjusting his monocle again. "Then you should certainly have brought him. I'm sure the countess would want to see him. I'd like to see the famous young man myself."

"Oh, is he famous?" said Sully languidly.

"So I hear. Or else he expects to be. I can't remember which."

"He's very attractive," said the new American girl, feeling an irresistible desire to back up her compatriot.

"Is he indeed? Then I'm all the more eager to meet him. . . . But I don't see, Ruby, why he doesn't

come of his own accord. Surely he expects to pay his respects to you. It's the least he could do after all your entertainment of him. Or isn't that an American custom?"

"He did come," the American said bluntly. Suzanne looked at her with an imploring expression.

"He had lunch with us," the countess said.

"Lunch?" the general cried. "How delightful! Perhaps he's coming for dinner then."

"No. Why should he come for dinner?"

"Why not? I'm coming for dinner. He might as well come too. The young ladies will certainly enjoy a younger man about. Perhaps you would enjoy a younger man yourself."

"I haven't asked him."

"Then I'll ask him. Where is he staying?"

"I have no idea."

"No idea! Well, then, I must find out. That will be easy. There are so few hotels. Come, let's make a gala evening of it. I'll bring him back with me, shall I?"

"Please don't," the countess said. "I'll invite my own guests."

This was nearly becoming a public quarrel. It gave him a further idea. "Am I to believe you've had a quarrel?" he said. "Why, that won't do at all. We must make that up at once."

"Kurt," she said sharply, "have you forgotten why he is here?"

He shook his head: his monocle fell from his eye and he looked at her with his heavy, persistent railway. A child could have seen his deep anger underneath it.

"Why, no, I haven't forgotten," he said. "But perhaps he has. Or else he thinks it is better to pass the time with a few distractions—lunches, concerts, lovely ladies, and so on."

Please turn to Page 37



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SHE thought, I should never have forgotten for an instant how dangerous he can be. Then a phrase of his struck her. "To pass the time." That meant Kurt had not bothered to find out when the day of execution was, and did not know that it was to have been this very morning. He did not know that in the meantime Emmy had officially died in prison. Best of all, he did not know yet that Mark had found out anything about it. It would be easy for her to say: "You must not ask him here; his mother was buried this afternoon."

But wouldn't he find it strange then that Mark had come for lunch? If he knew Madame Ritter's funeral was this afternoon, and that Mark had been to it, then he already knew the first link of the whole fantastic tale, and he might find other strange points to remember—the delivery truck coming in the driveway, for instance. No, better he should still think that Mark was only fumbling around, ignorant of the true state of his mother.

Of course, anyone in the village could tell him of the funeral, but Kurt wasn't one to inquire about village happenings unless his suspicion was aroused. If she let him have his way and bring Mark here, he'd not have to ask questions at the hotel about him. Perhaps tomorrow they could get away.

"Write him a note," he said. "I'll take it to him myself."

She thought of writing a warning: "Say nothing about your mother's death. He doesn't know." What- ever Kurt would do, she thought he wouldn't be a man to read a letter entrusted to him. But how did she really know if he would or not? It was too dangerous to count on his code as opposed to his jealousy and anger. She could think of no way to conceal a warning in a casual note. If I were only clever, she thought desperately.

"Or better still, I'll call at his hotel on the way back. Oh, don't worry. I can easily find it. Such an attractive young man must have already caused a sensation in the village."

He went on with his railery, looking from one to another of the girls, smiling and showing his white teeth, but they were only embarrassed now that they had made a mistake and let the countess in for something more serious than they had expected.

"Why, we'll take him ski-ing with us to-morrow," the general went on. "No doubt he's a formidable sportsman, too. No doubt he'd show us all how much better it is done in America. Perhaps he's even a champion at this, too."

One of the girls excused herself and went upstairs. Others followed. Only Suzanne and the American stayed. They went over to the bookshelves, took up a book and began to look at it together. They had the feeling that they were protecting the countess by their presence. The general watched the girls leave, and when he saw that these two intended to stay he knew just why they were doing it.

He got up and said: "Well, Ruby, I must leave you. I'll go and change and get your young man. At eight we'll be back." He bent over her hand. "Make yourself very beau-

Escape

Continued from Page 36

tiful," he said. "To-night will be a gala night."

When he got outside the cold air restored him a little. It was dark as night already, and he had nearly a mile to walk to the village. He hated to walk. It wasn't the exertion. He told himself it was because he had the blood of too many horsemen in his veins. Actually it was because it made him feel diminished.

Only when he walked down a line of troops standing at attention, with the great black, white and red banners flapping like terrible great birds overhead, was it different. Now he knew that to walk along a country road at night, to step aside every now and then into a snow-bank to avoid a passing car's splash, was only one more indignity put on him by Ruby.

For fifteen years—for fifteen years, he thought, she had never given him a moment's jealousy until now. How dared she do it; she with her pliant, gentle bending that was sometimes a charm and sometimes an irritation. How dared she stiffen into a disloyalty to himself! It was disloyalty to his creed, his country.

How she had changed since this man appeared! This was a last flare-up, undoubtedly, of her maternal instinct. Women were known to suffer from such things. But how it had changed her! She who was so easily frightened wasn't now easy to frighten at all. It was she now who did the hurting, not he. For he was hurt; from head to foot he quivered with hurt.

But he would stop it, beat it down with the lightning stroke, as in war. He'd crush it out, and this fellow would vanish. He felt, suddenly, invincible.

BUT suddenly, too, he was sorry for himself. Ruby had been so good for him; he had felt so healthy and balanced in his love for her, with his recurrent rhythms of anger and peace. He told himself that he loved her with his soul, and that she had no right to disillusion him.

And then under that the deep uneasiness came again. There was more to it than this. There was some subterranean current he couldn't detect. Some involvement that remained unguessed. But I'll soon find out, he thought. It won't take me long.

The first little hotel he stopped at said that Mr. Preysing had come in that afternoon. That afternoon? At what time? About two o'clock. Then he had certainly stopped for lunch on his way from the train. As he climbed the stairs he thought, after all, is lunch with all those silly girls around really so bad?

He followed the clerk into the little bare room; perhaps the cheapest room in a moderately-priced hotel.

The young man was sitting on the edge of the bed when he came in. The clerk stepped aside respectfully and went downstairs.

"Mr. Preysing?"

"Yes."

"I'm sure you know who I am."

"The clerk told me."

The younger man got up with a

tired movement that surprised him. In this poverty and insignificance could anyone, in the face of a man like himself, be both graceful and assured?

"Will you sit down?"

"The countess sent me here," said the general. "Will you smoke?"

The general's chest expanded as he drew in a deep breath of smoke. Now, at last, he saw him. He was very young, and he was poor. He was under a cloud of disgrace. He was exhausted and he was probably afraid.

Contemptuously, he flung his burnt match into the corner of the clean little room.

But then, as the young man didn't speak, didn't hasten to placate him with politeness and protestation, he thought more deeply. No, there is always danger in them, the dark ones, the subtle and slippery minds.

"We were afraid you might be lonely this evening," he said, "so I suggested she ask you for dinner."

"Oh! That was kind of you."

"Not at all. Not at all. We're having a very quiet evening. No one but the girls—you know the girls—you and I, and the countess."

Mark didn't know what this meant, but he knew there was nothing good in it for him. And he also knew that this great handsome man filling the room with himself, this was the lover.

"You'll come?" the general said.

"I'm not sure the countess wants me. I think I'd better not."

"But she does. She insists. I don't dare go back without you." The general laughed condescendingly.

Could that be true? What had happened, then? Did the general know anything at all about him? Did he know this was the day his mother was supposed to die? Would he insist on his dining with them if he did? Would he, of necessity, know anything about him?

But someone had told the countess already. That was why she had warned him in the Odeon to go home. Perhaps—indeed certainly—this was the one. It seemed that she might have written a note to warn him again. But she didn't dare. She doesn't want me, he thought. It's his own idea.

"I don't feel much like dining out to-night," he said.

That would cover everything, no matter what he knew.

Mark smiled grimly at the general. He hated him so it seemed to constrict his throat. Emmy, he thought with terror, in that house where this man could come and go at will. Yes, better to plead illness and stay away, to lie low in weakness and humbleness, until, obscurely, they could burrow their way out to freedom.

When he and Emmy were gone only the countess would be left. And then this man could range her house at will. Then she could be the one to be meek and humble, as she must have been for so long. She didn't deserve saving.

He was about to say, "I'm ill; I must stay here, take aspirin and go to bed," but something rose in him—pure hatred too strong to be resisted, and then more daring, sudden, light-hearted frivolity that had once or twice been Emmy's undoing.

"All right," he said, "I'll come."

The general said, "That's good."

He blew out a cloud of smoke and added, "You're here for the ski-ing?"

"No, I don't ski."

"But you're a painter, I hear."

"Yes."

"My father-in-law was a famous patron of the arts. I believe at one time he actually had his portrait done by your grandfather. That is, if your grandfather was Richard Ritter."

"Yes, he was."

"That's interesting now, isn't it? I must tell the countess that. Well, I'll go now and dress, and come back for you, shall I? I'm just a bit down the road. I'll come back in my car."

"I've no evening clothes with me. I must go as I am," Mark said.

"Then I'll just change from these things. I can't very well dine in ski clothes, can I? As soon as I've changed, I'll come back. It will be better to drive in my car than to go on foot, eh?"

"Thanks."

"Settled then." The general stood up, swelled his chest again to look larger, to take up more space in the little room. Mark watched him darkly from the bed. He, too, got up slowly.

The general's heels clicked "Till we meet," he said.

Please turn to Page 38

There Is No Shortcut to a PERFECT MANICURE 3 Simple Steps of the CUTEX METHOD Will Ensure NAIL LOVELINESS



● The name Cutex is synonymous with perfect manicuring. Cutex Cuticle Remover is the outstanding preparation for making the cuticle into lovely smooth frames for the nails.

Cutex Oily Polish Remover contains no acetone. It safely removes polish and will not cause brittle nails.

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Eaten Up with RHEUMATISM & Backache

Now Fit as a Fiddle,
Thanks to Cystex

NURSE AT LAST FINDS A MEDICINE
TO END HER CHRONIC RHEUMATISM

Few people have the advantage of a Nurse in being able to call in the best medical advice for their health troubles, so the testimony of Nurse G. G. of Melbourne is especially interesting to sufferers from Rheumatism and other Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

"I don't often try things from advertisements, but I ventured to try your Cystex for Rheumatism, which I have suffered from for years, and I feel I must tell you how much I have benefited from it after only a small box. I have now ordered from my chemist a large box and he tells me he sells a great deal of it."

(Sgd. Nurse G. G.)

Both these people purchased Cystex on guarantee that if it did them no good they could get money back.

If you suffer from RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, PAINS IN BACK, NEURALGIA, UNDER EYES, LOSS OF ENERGY AND APPETITE, PUFFY ANKLES, BURNING, SMARTING, PASSAGES, or have to "GET UP NIGHTS"

the chances are 100 to 1 that your kidneys are at fault, but you will soon be well again if you take the right medicine for these troubles.

Thanks to Cystex, there is now a positive, speedy, guaranteed remedy for all the troubles shown above. An eminent physician has discovered that every one of these ailments is due to kidney trouble. In fact, the faulty elimination by the kidneys of waste matters, toxic poisons and acids (including the dreaded uric acid) from the system. This famous doctor has given his valuable prescription to the world, now known everywhere as Cystex—and approved by Doctors and Chemists in 75 countries—the medicine that must do you good or cost you nothing.

**Cystex Helps Nature
3 Ways**
The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe,



tone and repair raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system, safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles—

- (1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
- (2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
- (3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organs, and stimulates the entire system.

NO BENEFIT—NO PAY

This is the only fair and honest way of selling a medicine. Go to your chemist today for Cystex. If it does not put you right, return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Act now! In 24 hours you will feel better and be completely well in 1 week. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/6, 4/-, 9/-.

Sooner or Later Nearly Everyone Needs

This is a
**GUARANTEED
Remedy**

For the KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND RHEUMATISM

HAPPY DAYS for BABY



Teething time has no anxieties for the Mother who keeps Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders always on hand. They do away with all the miseries of teething time—keep baby in fine fettle instead of fretting. They are cooling, comforting, and promote regular easy motions, and they are absolutely safe.

**ASHTON & PARSONS'
INFANTS' POWDERS**

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD
POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Was comedienne when she was eight

FOR many years she had been trained and coached as a singer and comedienne by her mother, who believed that one day Joy would make her name. But she was so young, and opportunity seemed so far away, that it was decided to make school-teaching her life's work.

She had sung in children's hour broadcasts and made many appearances at local concerts.

One day during the May holidays she was singing on the air when the manager of Sydney's largest picture

Later career as school-teacher now changed to radio star

Two months ago a high school student, her goal a teaching career . . . to-day a star of the stage and the air, described as "the greatest radio discovery since Ginger." That is 15-year-old Joy Nichols, of Leichhardt, Sydney, who was a stage comedienne at the age of 8.

theatre heard her through his car radio.

Struck by the extraordinary quality of her performance, he drove to the studio and offered her a contract to appear at his theatre.

It was a moment of great decision, but on the following day Joy

and her mother decided to say goodbye to school-teaching and to concentrate on a stage and radio career.

Three days later she made her appearance under her new contract, and within a week another theatrical company offered her a contract

to appear in Sydney and Melbourne. A week later she received an offer to fulfil interstate engagements with one of Australia's best-known dance bands; while other offers added to her success.

At the first big Win-the-War Rally broadcast all over Australia from the Sydney Town Hall, Joy Nichols was a featured soloist. At War Loan rallies in Martin Place she received an enthusiastic reception.

Then, as the climax of her meteoric rise, came her engagement as the comedienne star of "The Youth Show," which will be heard from 2GB on relay throughout Australia every Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.

The story of the origin of Joy Nichols as a comedienne and singer goes back seven years. Eight years ago her brother, "Scotty" Nichols was the Scotch comedy star of a broadcast children's session. When he went on a world tour with the Young Australia League, the conductor of the session asked Mrs. Nichols if Joy could take his place. She did not know, but it was worth trying.

Then followed a few days' intense coaching of the little girl, and on the following Saturday morning Joy sang . . . her first song over the



JOY NICHOLS, fifteen-year-old singer and comedienne in 2GB's "Youth Show."

air. Her natural talent was so marked that arrangements were made immediately for her to sing in a grown-up community concert.

"YOU NEED A DAILY SUPPLY OF VITAMINS B₁, B₂, P.P."

(THE ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

Say Doctors and Nutrition Experts

- B₁** - FOR STEADY NERVES
GOOD DIGESTION
- B₂** - FOR STURDY GROWTH
- P.P.** - THE ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR
- FOR CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN

Lack of these three vital vitamins soon shows in loss of health. Vegemite, the inexpensive, delicious yeast extract, contains a CONCENTRATED, regular supply of Vitamins B₁, B₂ and P.P.

MODERN, over-refined foods lack full vitamin values. By serving Vegemite — the delicious yeast extract — you increase your supply of the vital vitamins B₁, B₂, P.P. Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast — and yeast is the richest known source of the combined vitamins B₁, B₂ and P.P. Vegemite contains intact all the food elements of the yeast plant in their highest degree of concentration. That's why just a little Vegemite every day does an amazing amount of good. Everyone loves the appetizing flavour of Vegemite. It's delicious spread on bread, biscuits or toast, with cheese, eggs, for sandwich fillings, with salads, and to give a rich flavour to gravies, soups or stews. One third to one half teaspoonful of Vegemite dissolved in a glass of milk makes a tasty, nutritious drink. Adults need one teaspoonful of Vegemite every day. Children 10 years and over, one teaspoonful daily; and infants from 6 months to 10 years, 4 teaspoonful daily.

UGLY PIMPLES! — Too little Vitamin P.P.

When pimples break out, it's usually a sign that the system is not getting enough of the Vitamin P.P. which doctors call the anti-PELLAGRIC factor. You can keep your own skin and your children's clear and healthy by serving Vegemite daily. Vegemite supplies your system with a concentrated supply of the skin-clearing vitamin P.P.



RAGGED NERVES! — Lack of Vitamin B₁

Lack of Vitamin B₁ often results in serious nervous disorders. If you are run down and get that "weak nerve feeling", then stir one third to half a teaspoonful of Vegemite into a glass of warm milk. It's the finest nerve tonic of all. That Vitamin B₁ soon calms lumpy nerves. Drink one or two glasses — every day.



WEAK STOMACH — Too little Vitamin B₁

Active bowels and steady nerves can be built up when baby is very young. Fallen stomach, weakened intestines and many obscure nerve disorders often come from an under-supply of Vitamin B₁. Make sure that your child is given plenty of Vegemite.



STUNTED GROWTH — Lack of Vitamin B₂

Fretful, weak, under-nourished children are often poorly supplied with Vitamin B₂ — the growth vitamin. This vitamin is especially needed to ensure proper development of body tissues and build up all-round good health. Vegemite gives you a concentrated supply of this Vitamin B₂.



You need **VEGEMITE** every day . . . IT'S DELICIOUS!

Escape

Continued from Page 37

THE girls put on their most becoming dresses and came downstairs early, so as to mix nothing. The countess looked to them as though she, too, had consciously made herself as beautiful as possible. But the countess looked also very ill at ease; her peculiar grace was dimmed and diminished.

They were also disappointed in the two men who came in together, quietly, and with no visible signs of antagonism. The situation they had helped to build up had apparently flattened out, and they forgot it in the pleasure of having a young man to talk to; a young man who, unlike the general and the occasional young officers who had come here, really knew about the things that they knew.

After dinner, they trooped into the music room for coffee, all talking at once. But here their loose circle of youth was broken up and the general took charge, heavily and relentlessly. He sat in the middle of the couch that was the central point of the room and looked around at all of them coldly, screwing his monocle more firmly into his eye.

"Sing something for us, Ruby," he said. That brought their conversation to an abrupt end, and they all felt a curious mixture of dullness, irritation and apprehension settling down on them.

The countess sang badly, with a quavering voice.

Once there was a slight sound like a thump on the floor overhead, and Suzanne, who happened to be looking at the countess to be sure she was ready to begin, saw her look up at the ceiling and then glance quickly at the general. He was looking at her, and she yawned suddenly, nervously, almost spasmodically.

The general, sitting with his arms folded on his chest, became, now, the master of the house and everyone in it. The countess sang for him obediently. Mark, who had been such fun at dinner, became a small boy who was bored and distrustful of his elders.

"Your voice is tired," the general said finally. "You'd better stop. Suppose we play bridge . . . Do you play bridge, Mr. Preysing?" the general asked.

"No."

The general raised his eyebrows. "I thought everyone played bridge."

"I'll watch," Mark said. "If anyone wants to make it worth my while I'll signal what's in the hands."

"Sit by me," Marie said. "I'll make it worth your while."

The general and the countess cut as partners; Marie and the Mink Coat played against them.

The general did no clowning to-night. He didn't joke about his mistakes or his reckless bidding. He didn't make mistakes or bid recklessly. He could, when he wanted, play very well. It was the countess who played badly. She made endless mistakes and the general reproved her for every one of them.

The more tyrannically he reproved

her the more she tried to please him. "Now do trump this," he said, and to their surprise, because no one thought she had a trump left, she did. They smiled a little at that.

It seemed he would never stop ordering her around. He who was so careful to appear always the old friend of the family, bantering, full of anecdote, dropping in more or less by accident, had not really deceived the girls for a moment. They were modern girls who read everything they pleased and heard everything talked about. His assumption of their ignorance was partly based on the further assumption that the truth would shock them. But the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 17.—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

THURSDAY, July 18.—June Marsden — Astrology for Boys and Girls. Special Vocational Guide.

FRIDAY, July 19.—The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

SATURDAY, July 20.—Rhapsodies in Rhythm.

SUNDAY, July 21.—Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk. Interpreting Horoscopes of World Personalities.

MONDAY, July 22.—The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

TUESDAY, July 23.—June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

truth in its ideal form didn't shock them at all. They had guessed it by the way he watched her sing, by the way he held a chair for her to sit in. They saw only the gleams and the reflections, so, though they were not deceived of the fact, at the same time they were deceived by their own inexperience.

But now he did not care at all whether they were deceived or not. He was showing off in a way that was inexcusable. He was showing off for Mark.

To be continued



The HOMEMAKER

July 20, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

SHORT CUTS TO CHIC . . .

LONG hair that needs elaborate dressing becomes a problem when you are busy. And as everybody is busy these days, shorter hair is the new order.

Here are three pictures on this page that will show you the latest trend.

You will see that your new hair-do must either be short or look short, either cut two or three inches long and curled all over your head like a cherub or swathed close in sleek silken bands so that it leaves the nape of your neck bare.

However, side pieces are still brushed up and swept off the forehead, and temples, still massed in soft clusters of curls near the top. But you must reveal that adorable, feminine line at the nape of your neck.

And before you say to yourself, "I'd never get my hair to stay like that," just remember that fifty per cent. of the battle is in the "perm" and the other fifty per cent. in the condition of your hair when it has the "perm."

All you need then is a good setting lotion and your hair will stay "put" without any trouble.

There are only two reasons why you wouldn't be able to manage a hair style like these—one is that your hair might be too dry, and the other is that your hair might be too greasy.

Your remedy for dry hair should be a month's intensive lubricating

NEW hair styles are shorter . . . Your hair must be cut short or dressed to appear short . . . For it's smarter and more suitable in these busy days when everybody has work to do to have your hair looking neat and businesslike.

By
JANETTE



A FROTH OF CURLS ON TOP, sleek hair at the temples, and the back swathed slantwise across the back of your head to end with a comb and a curl just above one ear. This style is suitable for either short or longish hair.

LEFT: This cherubic head of curls needs the shortest cut of all—hair about two or three inches long all over your head, and a fairly tight wave.

texture of your hair, consult a good hairdresser—one who uses various systems.

of permanent waving, "perms" by electric system and "perms" by means of permeated sachets.

If you are at all worried as to which kind is most suited to the

And, finally, don't put up for a second with hair that's getting dim or mousy. Brightening shampoos, plenty of brushing and good health are enemies of dull hair.

If your hair isn't soft and curly, gleaming and gay, I'm very much

afraid that it's only one person's fault. And I'm very much afraid that one person is—you!

If after treatment, shampooing and a permanent wave you find your hair is still dull and lifeless, then check up on your health. You may be run down, nervy or even a little anaemic.

You can help your physical condition by eating sensibly. Cut down on rich foods, breads, cakes and pastries. Avoid sweets, and eat plenty of fresh green vegetables, cooked and raw, lean meats, eggs, cheese and fruit, and drink plenty of fresh milk.



HAIR SMOOTHLY DRAWN UP from the temples, brushed up at the back, and curled over into one long sweep. Suitable for either long-bobbed or medium short hair with curling ends.

treatment before you have your perm, and afterwards regular use of good shampoos.

Giving yourself an oil treatment so simple and well worth doing because it makes your hair delightfully silken and soft again.

All you do is simply warm a little almond oil by standing it in warm water, and then massage it into your scalp for fifteen minutes.

(If you can manage to tie a turban of hot toweling round your head for a while after the massage, so much the better.)

Do the job overnight if possible and shampoo in the morning with a special shampoo for dry hair or olive oil soap jelly, and then brush it with a clean, pure-bristled brush.

With that home treatment once a week, and five minutes' brushing night and morning, your hair will

be in perfect condition to take its "perm."

The other trouble that might make hairdressing difficult for you is lank greasy hair. The "perm" will help to cure this condition, but afterwards you'll need a tonic lotion and at least five minutes' massage every night and five minutes in the morning.

Ask your chemist to recommend a suitable tonic for your hair.

Special treatment

You need hair-brushing, too, the same vigorous night and morning brushing, and you need a shampoo to clear away the oiliness.

In between your regular shampoos, use a dry shampoo if necessary. You just sprinkle the dry shampoo on your hair, leave it a few moments, and then brush it out and the grease with it.

Nowadays there are so many kinds

Brunettes!

Satiny new life for dark hair with this HIGH-GLOSS Brilliantine!

High-gloss your hair, to make it a shimmering glory! A regular dressing with Atkinson's Liquid Brilliantine gives a fascinating, satiny gloss.

Rub a little between your hands and pat liberally over your hair. See what a glorious, silken sheen comes up as you brush.

Atkinson's Brilliantine is non-greasy, non-sticky—prepared from the finest, purest, light oils. Gives your hair the bright, natural-looking shine of youth and health.

THE WORLD'S FINEST QUALITY THE HIGH-GLOSS BRILLIANTINE

1/6 Californian Poppy English Lavender White Rose and Unscented



BY APPOINTMENT

Atkinson's BRILLIANTINE Californian Poppy





KNITTED in a wool and rayon mixture in a soft shade of green, this pullover is a most useful and attractive garment, and just what you need in your winter wardrobe. Instructions for knitting on this page.

In leaf-green wool and rayon LACY KNITTED PULLOVER

THE pretty lacy stitch which is so effective in this simple type of garment is not at all difficult to do. Here are the directions:

Materials Required: 9oz. Vivilka crepe wool and rayon, 1 pair No. 7 Vivilka needles, 1 set of 4 No. 12 Vivilka needles, pointed both ends.

To obtain the best results and full satisfaction in fit and wear, use only the materials specified and in the correct ply, work with the knitting needles in the size recommended, and keep to the tension stated.

Measurements: To fit 33-34 inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 19½ inches; sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

Tension: 13 stitches to 2 inches; 8 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, sl. slip, m make, p.s.s.o. pass slip stitch over.

Note:—Work into back of all cast-on stitches.

BACK

Cast on 102 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches, increasing at end of last row (103 sts.).

Change to No. 7 needles and work pattern as follows:—

1st and 3rd Rows: K.

2nd, 5th and 7th Rows: P. (This is the right side of work.)

4th, 6th and 8th Rows: * K 1, m 1, k 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, m 1 * repeat * to * last st., k 1.

These 8 rows form the pattern.

Continue in pattern until 3 inches have been worked.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row until 115 sts. are on needle, working the pattern as far as possible at each side.

Continue on 115 sts. until work measures 12½ inches from cast on.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows (91 sts.).

Continue on 91 sts. until armholes measure 6½ inches, measured straight up.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Cast on 102 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. Work exactly as for back to end of armhole shaping.

Next Row: Pattern 45, cast off 1 st., pattern 45. Work on last 45 sts. only.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge every alternate row until 25 sts. remain.

Shape Shoulder: * Cast off 6 sts., work to end. Work back. *

Repeat * to * twice. Cast off.

Join in yarn at centre to sts. left unworked and work to match other side.

NECK BAND

Sew up shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, using 4 No. 12 needles, pick up and k 54 sts. from bottom of V opening to shoulder. 2nd needle. Pick up and k 42 sts. across back. 3rd needle. Pick up and k 54 sts. along other side of neck (150 sts.). Work round and round stockingwise in k 1, p 1 rib for 12 rows, taking 2 tog. at each side of centre V on every row. Cast off in rib.

LONG SLEEVES

Cast on 54 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches, increasing at end of last row (55 sts.).

Change to No. 7 needles and work pattern as given for back for 3 inches.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next and every following 6th row until 79 sts. are on needle.

YOU can make it with long or short sleeves—instructions are given here for both kinds.

Continue on 79 sts. until work measures 18½ inches from cast on. Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 23 sts. remain. Cast off.

SHORT SLEEVES

Cast on 78 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 12 rows, increasing at end of last row (79 sts.).

Change to No. 7 needles and work pattern for 3½ inches.

Shape top as for long sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press pattern. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Press seams.

TO ALTER SIZE

Take a careful note of the measurements given in the instructions, then measure yourself in order to be sure that the garment is your size.

To enlarge a plain garment, multiply the number of stitches required for one inch by the number of inches necessary for the extra width.

To make a smaller size, cast on as many fewer stitches as are required for one inch.

To enlarge a patterned garment, make certain that enough stitches are added for a complete pattern.

Armhole Shaping: If a larger garment is required, add half an inch on both back and front armhole shaping to the shoulder. Do not forget to work the sleeve correspondingly larger when casting on. For a smaller garment, reduce the length of the armhole shaping to shoulder by half an inch and make the sleeve correspondingly smaller.

Talented Social Beauty—Lovely Australian Woman

BOTH
SAFEGUARD
THEIR LOVELY
COMPLEXIONS
THE SAME
FAMOUS WAY

Lady Brigid King-Tenison is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kingston. Lady Brigid has chestnut hair which frames her oval face in luxuriant curls. Her eyes are hazel. She has a glorious peachy and cream complexion.

Mrs. Bruce Hardy, of Ocean Avenue, Edgecliff, loves dancing and parties, and does a lot of entertaining at her charming home. Tall and slim, Mrs. Hardy is a vivacious brunette with brilliant blue eyes and a gloriously creamy flawless complexion.

Question to LADY BRIGID: You could afford any beauty preparations you wished to take care of your lovely complexion. Why do you prefer Pond's Cold Cream?

ANSWER:

"It's fatal for one's complexion if dirt is left in the pores. I've found that the one way to get it out is—to use Pond's Cold Cream. Just a few minutes a day with Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin smooth and fresh-looking."

Question to LADY BRIGID: Wherever you are, Lady Brigid, at the theatre, singing at a party, or salmon-fishing on the River Spey, how does your skin always keep the same smoothness?

ANSWER:

"I used to envy that wonderful smoothness of skin that smart women have. Then I learned how to have it for myself—by just using Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream melts all the rough bits of skin away as it's applied. So then powder goes on beautifully, and keeps looking fresh for hours."

Lady Brigid is an accomplished musician. She loves dancing, the theatre, opera and Ballet. She also spends a lot of time in Derbyshire for she enjoys country life, riding, playing golf and tennis.

Mrs. Hardy and her husband are both surfing enthusiasts. They're also very keen on golf and motoring. After a busy week they both like to spend as much time as they can out-of-doors.

Question to MRS. HARDY: You're so busy with your home and social engagements, Mrs. Hardy . . . how do you find the time to give your lovely skin all the care it deserves?

ANSWER:

"Pond's makes it very easy . . . It takes only a few minutes night and morning to get my skin really clean and fresh with Pond's Cold Cream. And of course, Pond's is such an economical skin care. Only a few pence a week!"

Question to MRS. HARDY: Suppose you've been out playing golf all day, and you found your skin was rough and flakey, what would you do?

ANSWER:

"Just reach for my jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smoothes away those little roughnesses in a jiffy. Then my powder goes on smoothly. What's more, it stays on beautifully for hours."

This is how these lovely women keep their skin beautiful with Pond's Two Creams.

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. They pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and

stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawless. They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind. And here's a good tip! For lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight too, after your usual cleansing.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1½, 3, 6, 12, 18, 24, 36, 48, 60, 72, 84, 96, 108, 120, 144, 168, 192, 216, 240, 264, 288, 312, 336, 360, 384, 408, 432, 456, 480, 504, 528, 552, 576, 600, 624, 648, 672, 696, 720, 744, 768, 792, 816, 840, 864, 888, 912, 936, 960, 984, 1008, 1032, 1056, 1080, 1104, 1128, 1152, 1176, 1200, 1224, 1248, 1272, 1296, 1320, 1344, 1368, 1392, 1416, 1440, 1464, 1488, 1512, 1536, 1560, 1584, 1608, 1632, 1656, 1680, 1704, 1728, 1752, 1776, 1800, 1824, 1848, 1872, 1896, 1920, 1944, 1968, 1992, 2016, 2040, 2064, 2088, 2112, 2136, 2160, 2184, 2208, 2232, 2256, 2280, 2304, 2328, 2352, 2376, 2400, 2424, 2448, 2472, 2496, 2520, 2544, 2568, 2592, 2616, 2640, 2664, 2688, 2712, 2736, 2760, 2784, 2808, 2832, 2856, 2880, 2904, 2928, 2952, 2976, 3000, 3024, 3048, 3072, 3096, 3120, 3144, 3168, 3192, 3216, 3240, 3264, 3288, 3312, 3336, 3360, 3384, 3408, 3432, 3456, 3480, 3504, 3528, 3552, 3576, 3600, 3624, 3648, 3672, 3696, 3720, 3744, 3768, 3792, 3816, 3840, 3864, 3888, 3912, 3936, 3960, 3984, 4008, 4032, 4056, 4080, 4104, 4128, 4152, 4176, 4200, 4224, 4248, 4272, 4296, 4320, 4344, 4368, 4392, 4416, 4440, 4464, 4488, 4512, 4536, 4560, 4584, 4608, 4632, 4656, 4680, 4704, 4728, 4752, 4776, 4800, 4824, 4848, 4872, 4896, 4920, 4944, 4968, 4992, 5016, 5040, 5064, 5088, 5112, 5136, 5160, 5184, 5208, 5232, 5256, 5280, 5304, 5328, 5352, 5376, 5400, 5424, 5448, 5472, 5496, 5520, 5544, 5568, 5592, 5616, 5640, 5664, 5688, 5712, 5736, 5760, 5784, 5808, 5832, 5856, 5880, 5904, 5928, 5952, 5976, 6000, 6024, 6048, 6072, 6096, 6120, 6144, 6168, 6192, 6216, 6240, 6264, 6288, 6312, 6336, 6360, 6384, 6408, 6432, 6456, 6480, 6504, 6528, 6552, 6576, 6600, 6624, 6648, 6672, 6696, 6720, 6744, 6768, 6792, 6816, 6840, 6864, 6888, 6912, 6936, 6960, 6984, 7008, 7032, 7056, 7080, 7104, 7128, 7152, 7176, 7200, 7224, 7248, 7272, 7296, 7320, 7344, 7368, 7392, 7416, 7440, 7464, 7488, 7512, 7536, 7560, 7584, 7608, 7632, 7656, 7680, 7704, 7728, 7752, 7776, 7800, 7824, 7848, 7872, 7896, 7920, 7944, 7968, 7992, 8016, 8040, 8064, 8088, 8112, 8136, 8160, 8184, 8208, 8232, 8256, 8280, 8304, 8328, 8352, 8376, 8400, 8424, 8448, 8472, 8496, 8520, 8544, 8568, 8592, 8616, 8640, 8664, 8688, 8712, 8736, 8760, 8784, 8808, 8832, 8856, 8880, 8904, 8928, 8952, 8976, 9000, 9024, 9048, 9072, 9096, 9120, 9144, 9168, 9192, 9216, 9240, 9264, 9288, 9312, 9336, 9360, 9384, 9408, 9432, 9456, 9480, 9504, 9528, 9552, 9576, 9600, 9624, 9648, 9672, 9696, 9720, 9744, 9768, 9792, 9816, 9840, 9864, 9888, 9912, 9936, 9960, 9984, 10000.

FREE! Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ☐ ROSE ☐ SUNTAN ☐
LIGHT ☐ BRUNETTE ☐ NATURAL ☐
CREAM ☐ NATURAL ☐ LIGHT NATURAL ☐

POND'S DEPT. (X 27), Box 1111, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME
ADDRESS

It's best to plan your GARDEN COLORS

WHEN amateurs arrange mixed borders they frequently overlook the tall varieties of plants, such as the cone-flowers or golden glows shown here, which are so useful for display purposes.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

TO give this flower its right name one has to delve into seedsmen's catalogues, and even then it is difficult to find unless one looks for rudbeckia, and there it is, complete with all its botanical garnishing—rudbeckia laciniata flora plena.

The claims of this tall variety of coneflower, as I prefer to call it, have been overlooked for many years, although 20 years ago or more it used to be found in most gardens.

It is a hardy perennial, can be planted out now, or divided and set out into new positions, and will stand a fair amount of cold weather.

The plants grow to a height of 6ft. in good soil, and their bright, golden, double flowers last a long time in the garden as well as in the house.

As they bloom fairly late in the season, their flowers will be appreciated. Then again, they are borne on very long, straight, strong stems, and make admirable garden companions for the giant sea lavender (statice latifolia), which blooms about the same time.

Another of the rudbeckia family which is very popular for cutting is

r. neumannii, which grows to a height of 2ft., bears orange-yellow flowers with black centres.

And now I want to talk to you generally about the arrangement of the border beds.

Careless or ill-considered arrangement of flower beds defeats its own ends.

Gardens are often seen in which the same kind of plant is dotted over the face of the border at regular intervals.

While this formal arrangement may suit many, there is little harmony, and the effect of such a bed is often displeasing to the eye.

I like flower beds to be planted with due regard to color, not a clashing of red and orange, yellow and orange, blue and violet, and pink and red.

My method of overcoming this color clashing is to start at one end of the bed with flowers of soft tones and then work gradually through the stronger colors until the middle is reached.

In the centre I group the strongest and richest colors, and then gradually fade them out again toward the other end.

One bed of this kind I saw recently started at one end with white and pale flowers (all perennials), working through lavender to rose-pink, then



CONEFLOWERS or golden glows, which are useful with other tall varieties for building up backgrounds in mixed borders. Their catalogue name is rudbeckia laciniata flora plena.

from rose-pink to mauve, on to purple.

The gardener had started with pale yellow to pale blue at the other end, working through a color scheme from pale blue to deep blues, then rich yellow, and finally to orange and purple in the middle.

The gardener had made no effort at mass grouping. His lines were irregular and merged into one another naturally.

By this means he overcame color clashes, and the general effect was most pleasing.

Coneflowers, statice, perennial sunflowers, thalictum, tritoma, gypsophila, inulas, irises, cannas, agapanthus, and all sorts of other perennials and early summer flowering bulbs had been worked into the scheme, while in places big masses of catmint, alyssum and violas had been placed to advantage.

In another good autumn bed that I saw a few weeks ago the background had been built up with cone-flowers, golden rods, isatis glauca, hollyhocks, Golden Ball sunflowers, and centaurea macrocephala.

Then in front came galega (laven-der colored) and thalictum, lupins, erigerons and blue irises had been used generously.

Perennial phlox of varying shades, scabious, lychnis chalcedonica, bergamot, penstemons, and geums had been worked in in front, and catmint and alyssums in the border.

For greater variety

GARDENERS who cannot afford such ambitious schemes should buy plants by the half-dozen instead of by the dozen or by the box. In this way a far greater variety of plants can be set out in the border, and with a little practice and experience the novice will ascertain the height, color, and habits of each variety.

At all times the planting of the same kind of flower at regular intervals along the border should be avoided.

Broken edges to the border, instead of rigidly-kept straights and curves, will also improve the appearance of the flower beds, and where they are too flat a mound or two, in which is planted an azalea or small tree, will help to lift and eliminate that effect.

Although mixed borders never look much unless flanked by grass, there are always the edges that have to be trimmed, and when overgrown by plants the job gets out of hand long before the gardener is aware of the grass encroachment.

For that reason I prefer the stone or brick path along the border beds, and if the plants are allowed to grow over the path in uneven patches they break up the stiffness and formality in a way that nothing else will do.



Mother, See if the
Child's Tongue
is Coated

Mother, Don't Hesitate!
If your Child is Cross, Feverish,
Constipated, give this reliable liquid laxative.

Look at your child's tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that the little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing with 'Califig.'

When a child is fretful, cross, listless, pale, can't sleep, doesn't eat or won't play; or if feverish, with a disordered stomach and sour breath, or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, or the "stiffness" of a cold, give a teaspoonful of 'Califig' and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste-matter, undigested food and sour bile gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, happy child again.

'Califig' sweetens the sour stomach, sharpens the appetite and strengthens digestion. It keeps the

blood pure and free from fever. And, Mother, remember, nothing stops a child's growth and progress like constipation, so give a weekly dose of 'Califig.' Your child will thrive all the better for it. Don't give strong medicines: they weaken a child and leave the bowels worse constipated than before.

'Califig' is nature's own laxative. Composed purely of delicious ripe fruit and vegetable extracts it acts on the bowels like fruit and is therefore the safest, most natural laxative you can have. And how the little ones love the fruity flavour; see how their eyes will sparkle with eagerness when you bring out the bottle of delicious 'Califig.' Sold everywhere. Get it for your children today.

CALIFIG
'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

NATURE'S OWN
LAXATIVE



15 WAYS OF MAKING *Husbands* HAPPY

The 15 ready-to-serve Heinz Soups are exactly what you want for his benefit. Every one is fit for a royal table, full of the simmered-in goodness of tenderest, juiciest cuts of meat, crispest garden vegetables, freshest cream, the best of everything!

Try all fifteen! Every soup carries the Heinz guarantee; if you are less than satisfied the grocer will refund the full purchase price.

CREAM SOUPS — Chicken, Tomato, Asparagus, Green Pea, Spinach, Celery, Toherou, Mushroom, Onion . . . MEAT SOUPS — Ox Tail, Kidney, Vegetable, Mulligatawny, Bean Soup with Ham, and the new Chicken Vegetable Soup.

HEINZ
Ready-to-Serve
SOUPS



★ And don't forget to try the new Chicken Vegetable Soup.





FEMININE CHARM is the keynote of this lovely drawing-room with its wide windows. The filmy off-white net curtains, draped and befrilled, are allied with cream-painted Venetian blinds.

When walking with friends in the service,
Of military step don't be nervous.
With Kayser's new sheers,
Your legs . . . my dears,
Will dazzle the keenest observers!



Kayser brings you that unbeatable Hosiery alliance—Strength and Beauty. Kayser brings you the freshness of the new Compass Colours, the beauty of Mir-O-Kleer sheers, super sheers and service weights. Kayser alone, are so economy priced.

88X is a smart and popular Sheer **5/11**
Pure Silk with a neat lace welt.

Service Weights from 4/11. Pure Silk Sheers & Super Sheers, 5/11 to 9/11

BECAUSE KAYSER SPELLS ECONOMY

Window rejuvenation with NEW CURTAINS

● A change often does surprising things . . . Discard dark, heavy drapes and try light filmy curtains . . . Or take down bedraggled muslins and substitute rich velvet in a glowing color. Or give a friendly informal appearance to your room with some new gay - patterned cretonne.

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR

BELOW: In this room the window drapes of bold-patterned cretonne show a fish design in black on a white ground. Glass curtains are white marquisette. Two skin rugs in black and white pick up the color scheme of the window drapes and add novelty.



EVEN if you don't change your furniture in your living-room, it is a good idea to change your curtains every now and then.

If you are feeling a little tired of your room—if you would really like new furniture but feel you can't afford it at the moment—then try what new curtains will do.

The way you dress your windows gives character to your room and by changing the curtains you can often entirely change the general appearance of your room.

For dignity

IF you want dignified luxury effects, then you must turn to furnishing satin, velvet, damask, and similar fabrics. Less luxurious but still dignified results can also be obtained with various cottage weave materials in broad stripes or in cretonnes showing bold designs.

Feminine effects, light and airy, require the light-textured fabrics that allow the daylight to filter through—muslin, marquisette, and so on.

As a rule, the heavier the fabric the more simply it should be hung. Rich velvet should be hung in plain straight drapes. The same applies to damask. If a pelmet is used—and this is not necessary—it may be used straight or draped across the top.

Cretonnes and cottage weaves should also be used plain—their designs provide sufficient decoration.

Marquisettes and muslins can be hung straight in full soft folds or may be draped and befrilled. These fabrics lend themselves to either treatment.



Dynamel is better than enamel

Dynamel dries twice as fast—twice as hard. Lasts twice as long. It levels itself out so you always get a mirror-smooth gloss. Dynamel is so hard it can be scrubbed again and again and there are 30 lovelier shades.

See for yourself. Dynamel your kitchen chair. It's easy. It's fascinating. 30 lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at paint shops everywhere. Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

FREE TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W. Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home," together with your new book "All About Kitchens." I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name _____
Address _____
S.S.

SLEEPLESSNESS

... can be overcome

PATIENT: Doctor, can you give me something to make me sleep? Lately I've lain awake night after night. Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever sleep again, and I'm afraid I'll go off my head if I don't get more rest.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . By A Doctor

will ensure warm feet for the rest of the night.

Bed-socks and hot-water bottles are remedies for cold feet, but these are usually looked upon as suitable only for women and elderly people. However, a man who suffers from sleeplessness caused by cold feet should not treat hot-water bottles with scorn.

An uncomfortable bed, a badly ventilated room, or too much light and noise all help to drive away sleep.

Late suppers, too, are not soothing, and often, to woo sleep, it will be necessary to dispense with the cups of strong tea and coffee that are drunk just before retiring. These are stimulants, and an already over-stimulated mind should be allowed to relax, and not be excited further.

If you feel you cannot go to bed without your cup of tea—and some people find the habit hard to break—have your tea an hour before retiring and make it as weak as possible.

With regard to the character of the work that leads to insomnia, it has been pointed out that not over-work, but rather ineffective work, causes it, and that the sedentary worker suffers more from sleeplessness than the farm laborer.

Fresh air helps

If a man is shut up all day in an office and at night-time finds himself lying awake counting the hours, he will benefit by a good brisk walk in the fresh air before retiring.

Even a short walk around the block is a healthier remedy than a drug to induce sleep.

Everybody has his own pet remedies for insomnia, and they are legion. They vary from counting sheep jumping over a gate to sleeping on the stomach and reading in bed. But the main point is that bedtime should be approached in the right frame of mind, and when preparing for bed a person should train himself to relax.

Do everything possible to soothe yourself and make your mind at peace. Don't turn on the wireless for the late war news if it is going to prove upsetting. The news will be still available in the morning, and after a night's rest it won't prove so alarming.

A warm bath will be soothing if the body or the nerves are tired, and a drink of hot milk is a help.

Reading just before turning out your light will often help to woo sleep, but the reading matter should be soothing and not too exciting.

Don't take your worries to bed with you. If possible, banish them entirely. This isn't always easy, but it can be done all the same.

Above all, don't be afraid of insomnia. Our worst bogies are of our own creation, and we are told that our worst troubles are those that never happen. So go to bed expecting to sleep as a matter of course, and you probably will sleep.

Suggestion plays an important part in the treatment of sleeplessness. Teach yourself to relax and make your mind as calm and untroubled as possible.

Learn to relax physically, too, and when you get into bed consciously relax your muscles. Start from the feet up until you feel even your face is relaxed. You won't sleep if



SLEEP will come if you go to bed with body and mind relaxed. Don't close eyes tightly or tense the mouth. Let your face, too, be relaxed and serene, as shown here.

you keep your face or any part of your body tensed.

If you are completely relaxed, you'll find that sleep will overtake you in no time.

Sleep is most important. It is, as Shakespeare said, the "chief nourisher in life's feast"—refreshing, rejuvenating, and feeding mind and body.

GOOD-BYE TO RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, & GOUT



I have a simple but wonderful PRO-DUCT for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout, and "acid" complaints. Not a drug nor medicine, but a tropical plant called **HEVEA**. A leverage is made of the tiny leaf, which you prepare and drink like ordinary "Tea." No trouble or fuss, you make it in your own home; the RELIEF is felt AT ONCE and becomes evident more and more every day. Hundreds of people in all ranks of life have received lasting benefit, and have sent me letters praising this wonderful little plant. Drink a cupful of **HEVEA** each morning and you will feel a different being. The reason is that it expels the uric acid poison and PREVENTS NEW ACCUMULATIONS of further acid deposits in the system.

10,000 FREE SAMPLES Just send me your name and address, stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss, also 3d. in stamps, for postage, etc., and I will post you Free of Charge a trial package. If you feel that you are getting benefit, I will supply a further quantity at a small charge. I do not read patent medicines, but can say, from my own personal experience, that the product now offered is most effective for Rheumatism and allied complaints, and what it has done for others after years of suffering it will do for you, if you will give it a fair trial. Address: Mr. J. C. CAMERON, Dept. 12, 21 Pitt Street, Sydney.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Pre-natal exercise

PROPER exercise is often a much-neglected essential during the pre-natal period, and the need for regular systematic exercise is overlooked.

Household jobs are often considered to give sufficient, and outdoor exercise and special exercises for toning up the abdominal muscles are not regarded as important.

They are sometimes done capriciously or irregularly, or exercise which is too strenuous and unsuitable (and which is sometimes carried to the point of over-tiredness or exhaustion) is indulged in, and can cause serious trouble.

A leaflet dealing with exercise in general and with "special" exercises for teaching control of the pelvic and abdominal muscles during the pre-natal period has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

A BRITISH EMPIRE PRODUCT INSIST UPON

ALLY SALMON

When Your Child Catches COLD...

WHY PUNISH HIS STOMACH?

WHERE IS YOUR CHILD'S COLD?

It is in the air-passages of nose, throat, and chest. It is the nose that is stopped up, the throat that is irritated and sore, the chest that is tight and congested. It is in the throat and upper chest that phlegm is causing that racking cough.

SO DON'T load your child's stomach with medicine. It may upset his digestion. At best, it must go slowly and indirectly from the stomach into his blood and then through his whole body to reach the place where the cold is.

Get at the roots of the cold—direct

WHEN you rub Vicks VapoRub on your youngster's throat, chest, and back at bedtime, this vaporizing ointment begins immediately to bring relief direct to the place where the cold is—in the sore, clogged nose, throat, and chest.

Medicinal vapours, released from the ointment by the body warmth, carry their soothing comfort, with every breath, direct to the air-passages. At the same time,

Like a poultice, VapoRub works on the skin, warming the chest, relieving tightness and congestion.

Quickly this poultice-and-vapour action soothes irritation, clears away tormenting stuffiness, relieves coughing, makes breathing easier. Your child sleeps in comfort while VapoRub goes on working for hours. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is gone.



VICKS VAPORUB

Ideal for children—and just as good for adults

Over 26 million jars used yearly in 71 countries

SMASH that COLD in the HEAD with 'ASPRO'

Then You'll **BEAT** the **FLU** and the **COUGH**

FLU attacks often commence with a Cold in the head.

The symptoms are—running eyes—sneezing—pains in the head. That is the time you should immediately take 'ASPRO.'

'ASPRO' at once reduces the temperature with the result that watery eyes—sneezing, and the pains vanish. What is more—you have stopped the Flu.

HOW TO TAKE 'ASPRO' FOR COLDS AND FLU

Take three 'ASPRO' tablets immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and two tablets every three hours afterwards until symptoms disappear; a hot stimulating drink to be taken with the last dose when going to bed. Some people use lemon for the hot drink, some prefer whisky, while others mix the two.

USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE IF YOU GET A SORE THROAT

When you have a sore or relaxed throat make a gargle with 'ASPRO.' Prepare the gargle by dissolving three 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water. Stir well before using. Repeat gargle every two or three hours as required, but make a fresh gargle each time.

'ASPRO' (Reg. Trade Mark),

29/40



Keep **'ASPRO'** In the House & You Keep **COLDS & FLU OUT**

Can you tell the difference between the ear of an enemy spy and the ear of a loyal Australian? There don't, gossip. Be careful what you say and where you say it. Remember, Australia is at war.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

To all Cancerians true friendship and love mean more than material gains.

THE harmony and graciousness of true friendship and the comradeship, affection and mutual loyalty and encouragement of true love are vital factors in making Cancerians—those born between June 22 and July 23—happy and successful. They can only do their best work when encouraged by those who hold their affection and admiration.

A friend or close associate of a Cancerian man must treat him with respect for the softer side of his character, and never despise or overlook the intensely romantic, idealistic and tradition-loving side to the make-up.

A friend or partner of a Cancer-born woman must allow a full measure of patience and understanding for her fussiness, faithfulness and love of other members of the family. It must be realised that her desire to pet, comfort and perhaps spoil other people (adults as well as children) is a natural maternal instinct to which expression must be given if she is to be her true self.

In no circumstances should an attempt be made to arouse the hard and unbending side of a Cancerian. Though it seldom comes to the fore, usually "soft" individuals can be amazingly persistent, determined and capable, and display in no uncertain manner the characteristics of the crab—their astrological symbol.

True to their sign

JUST as a crab will go its own way . . . cautiously yet busily, timidly yet with persistent courage, fleeing for cover at the slightest sign of danger, but quickly returning to the struggle . . . so will a Cancerian go his own sweet way and overcome his obstacles one by one, so long as he is convinced he is doing the correct thing in the correct way.

Like the crab, once he gets a grip on something he wants, he will hold on and battle against a strength greater than his own with amazing tenacity and bravery.

What is more, threats will not cause him to yield, though he may gracefully give way if appealed to with reason, or by those he loves.

Hence it is that the choosing of really helpful and harmonious friends and partners is a matter of paramount importance for Cancerians.

They usually get on best with

Scorpios (those born between October 24 and November 23). These folk may tend to become too dominant and possessive or exacting, but the Cancerian is usually a forgiving person and makes allowances for many faults. Moreover,

the Scorpion gives love wholeheartedly, and loyalty and reliability are the things the other needs.

The next best group are Pisceans (those born between February 19 and March 21). Harmony and mutual sympathy are not always enough, however, to make these partnerships produce their best results in the harder ways of life. Where the Scorpion can lead the Cancerian the Cancerian has to become the leader of the Piscean—that is, generally—and thus he is not happy.

Cancerians also get on well with Taurians (April 21 to May 21) and Virgoans (August 24 to September 23), but more effort will be needed to ensure complete happiness.

Those who wed Arians (March 21 to April 21), Librans (September 23 to October 24), and Capricornians (December 22 to January 20) usually find the physical attraction stronger than the spiritual, and are hard pressed to make the union a complete success.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Make the most of July 25, 26, and 27 (morning). Your stars favor change, enterprise, and general improvements then, if you are alive to your chances.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be extremely cautious on July 27, for misjudgment, difficulties, upsets, arguments and delays can happen then. Try to avoid important changes and upheavals.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Quite fair on July 20 and 21 for semi-important matters and starting opportunities.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Here's your last chance for a while to make your own world a better place to live in. Go after what you want on July 22, 23, and 24, for your stars favor you then. Be diligent.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): Your stars are friendly, too, at this time. Do all you can on July 25, 26 and 27 (to noon only) to advance yourself through success and happiness. Be optimistic and confident.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just a week of days, July 27 just fair.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Quite fair on July 20 and 21. Routine best.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Don't waste a moment of July 22; work hard on July 25; cautiously on July 26, and keep routine only on July 27. Difficulties and misunderstandings can take away earlier gains.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 21): Work diligently and optimistically on July 25, 26 and 27 (morning only). Your stars are friendly then. Make constructive plans and try to turn them to your benefit.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Poor to July 23, then just neutral.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Don't take chances at this time. You can get yourself into plenty of trouble, especially on July 27.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Do your utmost to progress on July 22, 23, and 24. Your stars favor you at this time. Combine optimism and confidence with wisdom and hard work on those dates.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology with a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Little Miss Precious Minutes

TO wash a pastry cloth scrape off all loose flour with the back of a knife, soak cloth in cold water, and wash in hot suds. Rinse well and dry flat so there will be no creases.

IF you find mud spots on your umbrella remove by rubbing the fabric with a cloth dipped in methylated spirit.

TO make filling for cracks in wooden floors, dissolve 1 lb. ordinary glue in a pint of boiling water and add to it enough sawdust to make a spreading consistency. Fill cracks with this mixture.

TO remove grass stains on flannels, cover spots with mixture of equal parts of egg-white and glycerine. Let stand for about two hours, then wash in usual way.

TO keep cabbage green, cook quickly for twenty minutes in water with the lid off. This is better than adding soda and keeping the lid on.

WHEN cork carpeting begins to look shabby and acquire unsightly marks, don't wash or scrub the cork—this will spoil its surface. Instead, rub it over well with french chalk and wipe it afterwards with a slightly damp duster.

HERE'S a quick method of making beef-ten: Chop finely 1 lb. fresh rump steak, let it stand 10 minutes in cold water just sufficient to cover, add a little salt, place at side of range and bring slowly to boiling point. Boil for three minutes and serve hot.

PUFF pastry should not be rolled to the very edges, or the air may be all dispelled. It should be set aside and allowed to stand for some time after rolling, as this allows the layers of paste and butter to separate.

Roll pastry in short, forward movements, being careful to lift the rolling-pin between each roll. Never roll it to and fro.

Color for your lounge in a GAY CUSHION

Needlework
Notions

● It's embroidered in peacock-blue, dark brown, pastel-blue, pale cream and deep emerald in a striking but easy-to-work design.

HERE is an unusually attractive cushion cover for you to make up.

The cover is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for embroidery on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen.

It is also obtainable traced on crash or on cream, blue or green Cesarine.

The size of the cover is 18 by 24 inches and its oblong shape is a pleasing change from the usual square type of cushion.

Prices are:—

Linen, 4/6, crash or Cesarine, 3/9, plus 3d. postage.

To do the embroidery you will need the following Anchor stranded cottons:

Seven skeins F486, very dark peacock-blue; 6 skeins F454, very dark madder-brown; 4 skeins F769, pastel-blue, and 1 skein each F601, very pale cream, and F371, emerald-green.

Price of cottons, also obtainable from our Needlework Department, is 21d. a skein.

The embroidery should be worked in six strands of thread, with the exception of the filling, which is done in three strands.

When the embroidery is completed, finish the cover with a twisted cord in contrast to the color chosen and slip-stitch around the outer edge. This cord may be obtained from the larger stores.

The original cushion was worked in natural toned material, but you could vary the color scheme to suit your room.



THIS ATTRACTIVE CUSHION is worked in two shades of blue, brown, cream, and deep emerald. It would make a most delightful addition to your living-room. The traced cover is obtainable from our Needlework Department.

ROMPER SUIT FOR THE TINY TOT

THIS useful romper suit is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for cutting out and making up, and with design for embroidery on winceyette in cream, pale blue, pink, lemon, green or mauve.

Prices are:—

Sizes 6, 12, and 18 months, 2/3, plus 3d. for postage.

Paper pattern only for those who want to make up the design in their own material, price 1/- . Transfer for embroidery, 1/- extra.

The embroidery should be done in stem-stitch in pastel colors.



F1968

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 598A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4657, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4016, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4085W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

JUST WHAT YOUR BABY NEEDS—a romper suit. It's traced for making up and working with chick design on winceyette.

TWO BIBS FOR BABY

BOTH these bibs are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for making up and working.

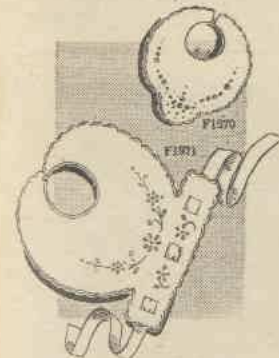
Design F1970 is traced on winceyette in cream, pale blue, pale pink, lemon, pale green or mauve.

Price is 6d., plus 1d. postage; or set of three 1/3, plus 1d. postage.

F1971 is traced on winceyette in cream, pale blue, pink, lemon, green or mauve, and on Ingola in cream, pale blue or pale pink.

Prices are: Winceyette 1/3, complete with ribbon; Ingola 1/11, complete with ribbon, plus 1d. postage.

Flannel silks in cream, pale blue, pink and green for working any of the designs shown on this page may be obtained from our Needlework Department for 31d. a skein, and stranded cottons for 21d. a skein.



TWO BIBS FOR BABY—F1970, available in winceyette, and F1971, obtainable in winceyette or Ingola. Both traced for working.



OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

BECKITT'S (OVERSEA) LTD.
(Pharmaceutical Dept.)
SYDNEY

'DETTOL'
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

IS HE HURT?

Use 'Dettol' quickly!

The smallest break in the skin is dangerous. It may turn septic and lead to blood poisoning. Therefore prompt action is necessary—apply 'Dettol' at once! 'Dettol' does not hurt or sting. For your children's sake—keep 'Dettol' always handy.

Overalls for your youngest

THESE cosy winter overalls are ideal for the baby who is either crawling or just walking.

They are obtainable traced with pattern for cutting out and making up and with design for embroidery on winceyette in cream, blue, pink, green, lemon or mauve, or on linora in cream, blue or pink.

Prices are:—

Size 1 to 2 years, 2/2, plus 2d. postage.

Size 2 to 4 years, 2/6, plus 2d. postage.

Paper pattern for those who would like to make up the design in their own material is 1/- . Transfer is also 1/- .



IF YOUR BABY is at the crawling stage then you'll find these overalls most useful. Traced with toy duck design.



No—
SOLVOL
cleans them
at the double

Should dirty hands
mean tears and
trouble?



Solvöl—a great discovery for kiddies' hands and knees! Try it, Mother—and save all that scrubbing and scolding. Solvöl's soft, plentiful, specially penetrating lather whisks away even ingrained grime and stains . . . gets hands and knees really spotless.



And whenever you wash your hands—use **SOLVOL!**

The modern way to clean false teeth



The modern way to keep false teeth clean is, the simplest—just put them into a glass of water in which 'Steradent' powder has been dissolved (follow directions on the tin). This solution penetrates every crevice, removes stains, and sterilizes your dentures by its own harmless, active energy. Many people do this overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all chemists sell it in tins, 2/- and 3/6.



Steradent

REGD. TRADE MARK

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Beckitt's (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney. A. 1726 P.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4.

RECIPES you should try!

ALL prizewinners in our weekly best recipe competition—an exciting contest open to all our readers. Send us your favorite recipe—it may be worth a cash prize to you and be printed on this page.

HERE is a competition that is amazingly simple, yet well worth while entering.

All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, whether it be for a meat dish, a delicious sweet, a new cake or any other dish, and send to this office.

Attach your name and address and write on one side of the paper only.

First prize of £1 is awarded every week for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

Here are this week's prizewinners:

SOVEREIGN KISSES

One and a quarter pounds self-raising flour, 1lb. sugar, 6oz. butter, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon coffee (ground), walnuts, almonds, seeded raisins, preserved ginger, dates, vanilla, mixed spice and 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs and lastly sifted flour, also pinch of salt. Divide mixture into four equal parts. Milk is added equally into three parts.

Part 1: Add cocoa and tablespoon chopped ginger. Part 2: Add 2 tablespoons walnuts and pinch of spice. Part 3: Add few drops vanilla and 14 tablespoons seeded raisins. Part 4 (without milk): Add coffee which has been brought to boil in tablespoon of water and strained, and 13 tablespoons dates, seeded and chopped.

Mix each separately, break off pieces the size of a small walnut and bake in moderate oven until golden brown (15-20 minutes) on buttered trays.

When cold join two different flavors together (e.g. chocolate ginger with spiced walnut) with raspberry jam. Will keep for a long time.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. H. Beverley, 6 Avenue Rd., Highgate, S.A.

BANANA BUTTERFLIES

Two dessertspoons butter, 2 dessertspoons sugar. Beat together to a cream, add 1 egg, lightly beaten, 1 cup self-raising flour.

Mix thoroughly, add 1 tablespoon hot water, beat till smooth. This



BANANA BUTTERFLIES — dainty and delicious for afternoon tea. A crushed banana mixture is used to fill the centres and whipped cream finishes the tops of the little cakes.

will make 1 dozen small queen cakes. When cold, cut small round off top of cakes, scoop small cavity in the centre, fill with crushed banana, lightly sweetened with icing sugar. Cut small rounds in two, and place in butterfly fashion. Put a small dab of whipped cream in the centre.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. Freeman, 285 Barkly St., Ararat, Vic.

HONEY ROLL

Four eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup arrowroot, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Beat eggs and sugar together. Add sifted flour, spices and rising, and lastly stir in boiling butter and honey.

Pour on a piece of greased paper on a swiss-roll tin and bake for 5 to 7 minutes in fairly hot oven (375 deg. F.). Put some sugar on paper the same size as sponge, turn the

sponge when cooked on to it, and peel off quickly paper on which roll was cooked. Roll quickly. Later unroll and spread with raspberry jam.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Lithgo, 2 Davies Rd., Nedlands, W.A.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

Two tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 3 eggs (separated), 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, dash paprika.

Melt butter in a double saucepan and stir in flour until well blended. Slowly add milk and cook until thick. Add cheese and stir until it melts. Then add beaten egg-yolks and seasonings, and cook for one minute. Set aside to cool. When cold, add beaten egg-whites. Mix well and pour into a buttered baking dish. Set dish in pan half-filled with hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 30 minutes. Serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Conway, 8 City View, Lavender St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE LIQUEUR CAKES

Three ounces cake crumbs, 3oz. castor sugar, 3oz. ground almonds, 1 teaspoon cocoa or 1 tablespoon melted chocolate, 2 tablespoons liqueur or sherry, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa or 2 tablespoons melted chocolate, 1oz. chocolate sprinkles or grated or flaked chocolate.

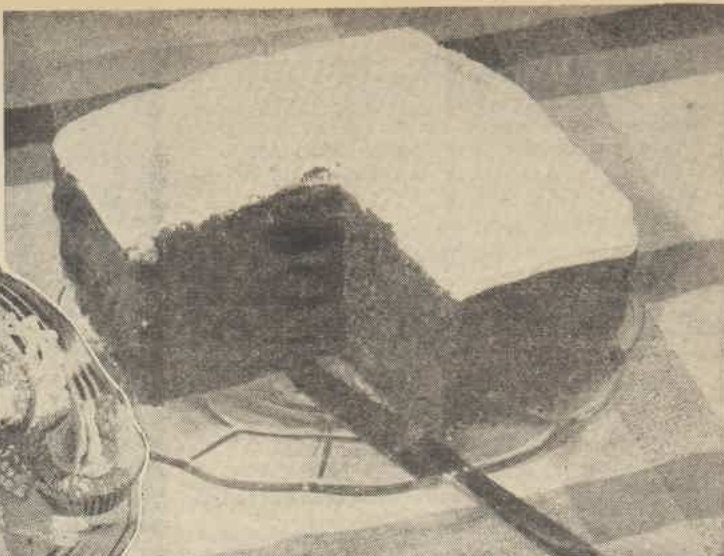
Mix crumbs, castor sugar, almonds and cocoa together in a basin. Add liqueur or sherry to beaten egg-yolk (and melted chocolate, if used) and mix with dry ingredients, making a smooth paste. Shape mixture into small rolls. Mix sifted icing sugar, cocoa or melted chocolate and sherry or water to a smooth pouring consistency, and place basin over hot water to prevent mixture setting. Dip each roll into this liquid icing, drain well, and toss in the chocolate sprinkles, or flaked or grated chocolate. Place on wax tissue paper to set firmly, and serve each in a paper patty case.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. E. Fleming, Rothleigh, Scarborough, Qld.

SPRINGTIME PUFFS WITH CINNAMON SAUCE

Quarter cup butter, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 11 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, whites 2 eggs beaten stiff, 1 teaspoon lemon essence.

Cream butter and sugar, sift flour, baking powder and salt, add milk and fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Butter 8 cups, prepare 3 cups rhubarb cut very fine, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Mix this well together and divide and put into the 8 cups. Cover with butter, set cups in a covered steamer and steam for



A LONG-STANDING FAVORITE—gingerbread. A recipe from a reader for an economical gingerbread is given on this page to-day. It makes a good family cake.

20 minutes. Turn out of moulds and serve with cinnamon nut sauce:

One cup sugar, 2 tablespoons corn-flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter, 11 cups boiling water.

When ready to serve, add 1 cup minced nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. Archer, Glenview, Don, Tas.

RHUBARB CREAM SPONGE

Twelve ounces prepared rhubarb, 1 cream sponge (round), grated rind of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, small pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 6oz. castor sugar, 2 egg-whites, 1 cup cream.

Wash and peel rhubarb, cut into inch slices before weighing. Add sugar, orange rind, and salt. Cut the cream sponge into thin slices. Cover bottom of a buttered pliedish with a quarter of the sponge slices. On this put a layer of rhubarb, then a layer of cake, until both are used up. Cover and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes.

Beat egg-whites very stiff, add icing sugar, stir in lemon juice, pile on top of pudding. Bake 15 minutes in cool oven to set meringue. Serve at once with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Holmes, 87 Barkly St., North Fitzroy, Vic.

ROSELLA AND MELON JAM

Eight pounds diced piemelons, 8lb. sugar, 4lb. rosellas, a little water.

Take one pound of the sugar and sprinkle over melon. Let stand overnight, put on to boil next morning and boil in its own juice till tender; then add the rest of the sugar and boll till it clears. Meanwhile husk rosellas, and put on to boll in a little water. Stir till the husks are soft, then put the boiling rosella pulp into the boiling melon and boll fast for 20 minutes, stirring all the time.

The melon must be cooked before adding the boiling rosellas.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Standish, St. Lawrence, via Rockhampton, Qld.

ECONOMICAL GINGERBREAD

Three cups plain flour, 1 dessertspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon spice, sifted together, 1 cup golden syrup, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda dissolved in 1 cup of warm milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup melted dripping or butter.

Make a hole in middle of flour, pour in ingredients, lastly the milk which makes a nice dough. No other moisture is needed. Bake 1 to 1 1/2 hours in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Spink, Love St., Cessnock, N.S.W.



FAST! Jack Thomas, professional ski teacher of The Chalet, Charlotte's Pass, goes into a jump turn. Jack says, "I have 13 weeks every year in the snow and even with a few blizzards thrown in, colds never bother me. Hot Bonox sees to that!" Keep your head above the 'flu line with Bonox. Bonox pours new strength straight into your bloodstream, builds up your resistance against colds and 'flu. Drop into any hotel, cafe or milk bar and have a steaming cupful of Bonox. Or buy Bonox on your way home. Have some before bed. Bonox is sold in 1, 2, 4, 8 and 14 oz. sizes.



Keep alert all day long with healthful delicious Wrigley's Chewing Gum

When your work is tiresome, it is time to chew delicious WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM. It refreshes you, helps you to concentrate and soothes frayed nerves. WRIGLEY'S also gives you gumis and teeth the exercise they lack because of modern, soft foods. Chew healthful WRIGLEY'S regularly after every meal. Notice how your facial muscles become strengthened, and your face and chin tend to retain

their natural contour. Three delicious flavours — P.K. (real peppermint), Spearmint (garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different).

Never be without a supply of WRIGLEY'S in the house. Keep an extra supply for the children. They love it. Buy some to-day. Every package of WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM is as big in benefits as it is small in cost. Take your change in Wrigley's.

WRIGLEY'S

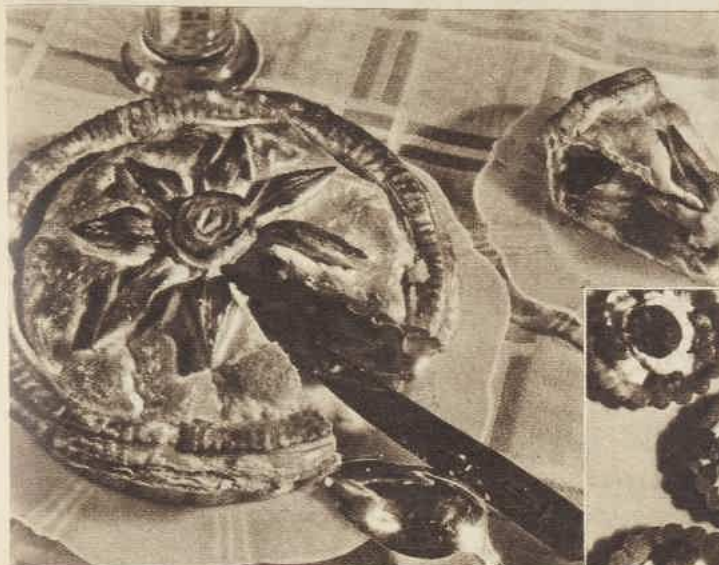
Three Delicious Flavours for Your Choice. An Australian Product. On Sale Everywhere.

AU21

SWEET PASTRIES . . .

THEY are energising and warming this cold weather . . . And their crisp crunchiness makes them zestful eating when appetites are keen. Try some of these sweet tarts and tartlets which are suitable for serving at meals or for teas and suppers.

By MARY FORBES Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



HERE IS A COVERED FRUIT TART which can be made with a variety of different fruit fillings. Appetising served with custard or cream.

WELL-MADE pastry is good wintertime fare because it is rich in fuel for the body—carbohydrates for energy and fats for extra warmth.

Here are recipes for some delicious fruit tarts and tartlets which are as nourishing as they are good to eat. The family will clamor for more of them.

COVERED FRUIT TART

Rich Shortcrust Pastry: 1 lb. flour, 6oz. butter or margarine, 1 egg-yolk, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt, mix yolk, lemon juice, and water together. Rub butter into flour lightly and quickly; add liquid and mix into a stiff dough. Lift onto floured board, cut into 2 pieces. Roll one out thinly and line a large tart plate. Add fruit filling; cover with other half. Glaze with white of egg and cook for 30 minutes at 400 deg. F.

Suggestions for fruit filling for tart:

- (1) Rhubarb cut into small pieces and equal quantity of dates, squeeze of lemon, and little sugar.
- (2) Sliced apples and raisins, sweetened with plum jam.
- (3) Prunes soaked in sherry and

COCONUT CREAM TARTLETS — suitable for a sweet course or for afternoon tea or supper. They are decorated with strawberries or crystallised cherries.

mixed with diced apple, with a little cinnamon and sugar to flavor.

COCONUT CREAM TARTLETS

Half-pound shortcrust pastry. Coconut Cream: Two eggs, 1 1-3 cups milk, 1-3 cup castor sugar, 1 cup desiccated coconut, pinch salt, few drops vanilla, 1 cup whipped cream, crystallised cherries or strawberries to decorate.

Make shortcrust and roll out thinly. Line small tartlet tins or 1 large tart plate neatly and ornament the edge. Prick the bottom with a fork, or line with paper and fill with dry rice, to keep them hollow. Bake (at 450 deg. F.) in hot oven till crisp and golden. (If rice is used, remove when pastry has set and return to oven to dry the centre.)

For Filling: Beat eggs slightly, stir in sugar and salt, beat well. Heat and beat in milk by degrees, add coconut, add vanilla. Pour into tartlet cases. Bake in a moderate oven until custard is set, about 20 minutes. Remove from oven, place on cooler, and when quite cold decorate with sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with cherries or strawberries and sprinkle with coconut.

TREACLE TART

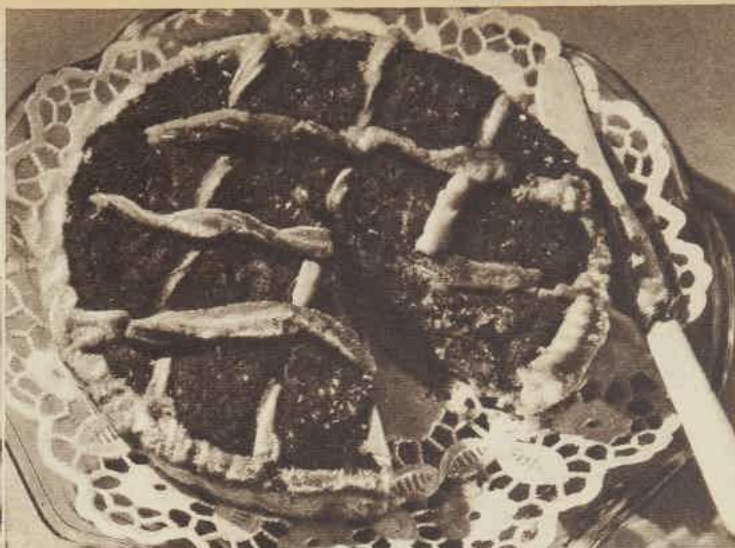
Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 cup golden syrup or treacle, 2oz. breadcrumbs, 2oz. currants, juice and rind 1 lemon, pinch of ground ginger, if liked.

Line a large tart plate or sandwich tin with three-quarters of the pastry, rolled out to fit the tin. Put in a layer of breadcrumbs, then the currants and syrup. Sprinkle with ginger and lemon, cover with rest of breadcrumbs. Roll out remainder of pastry, cut into strips and arrange in a cross design over the tart. Bake in a hot oven 400 deg. F. for 30 minutes.

HEAVENLY TART

Pastry Case: One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, about 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons cornflour.

Sift flour and cornflour, rub in butter, add sugar. Beat egg and milk together and add. Mix to a stiff dough. Roll out thinly and line a large tart plate. Prick bottom well, glaze and bake in moderate



TREACLE TART—delicious as a dinner sweet. Made with bread-crumbs, currants and treacle in a pastry case. See recipe this page.

oven 15 minutes until lightly browned.

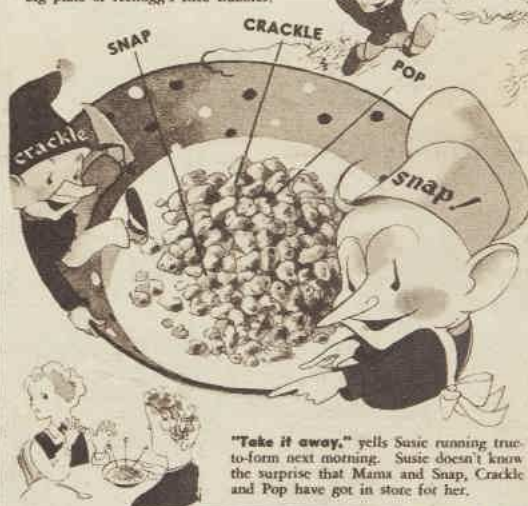
1. Lemon Filling: 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, grated rind and juice 1 large lemon, 1 rounded tablespoon arrowroot.

Put sugar and water on to boil, add thinly-grated rind. Blend arrowroot with lemon juice, add to liquid, stir till boiling, boil 3 minutes. When nearly cold, pour into pastry case and allow to set.

2. Cream Filling: One cup milk, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot (blended), 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, vanilla to flavor.

Bring milk to boil, add blended cornflour and cook for 5 minutes; cool slightly. Beat butter and add icing sugar gradually until creamy. Add to arrowroot mixture. Pour on top of lemon filling and sprinkle with coconut.

"Oh me! Oh my!" cries Mrs. Jones. "My little Susie won't eat her breakfast." That's all Snap, Crackle and Pop need to hear—and they come flying to Mama Jones' rescue with a big plate of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles!



"Take it away," yells Susie running true-to-form next morning. Susie doesn't know the surprise that Mama and Snap, Crackle and Pop have got in store for her.

Susie's eyes nearly pop out when Mama pours the milk on her Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. Those Rice Bubbles go Snap! Crackle and Pop all over the plate. They seem to say, "Come on, Susie, eat us all up."

"Lots more, please, Mummy," says Susie every morning. "I want to hear Snap, Crackle and Pop again!" Mummy smiles because she knows that Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—the breakfast that goes Snap, Crackle and Pop—is piling nourishment and energy value into her little Susie. Easy to digest, too. So if your little Susie won't eat her breakfast, order a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles* from your grocer right away.



*"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for its oven-popped rice.

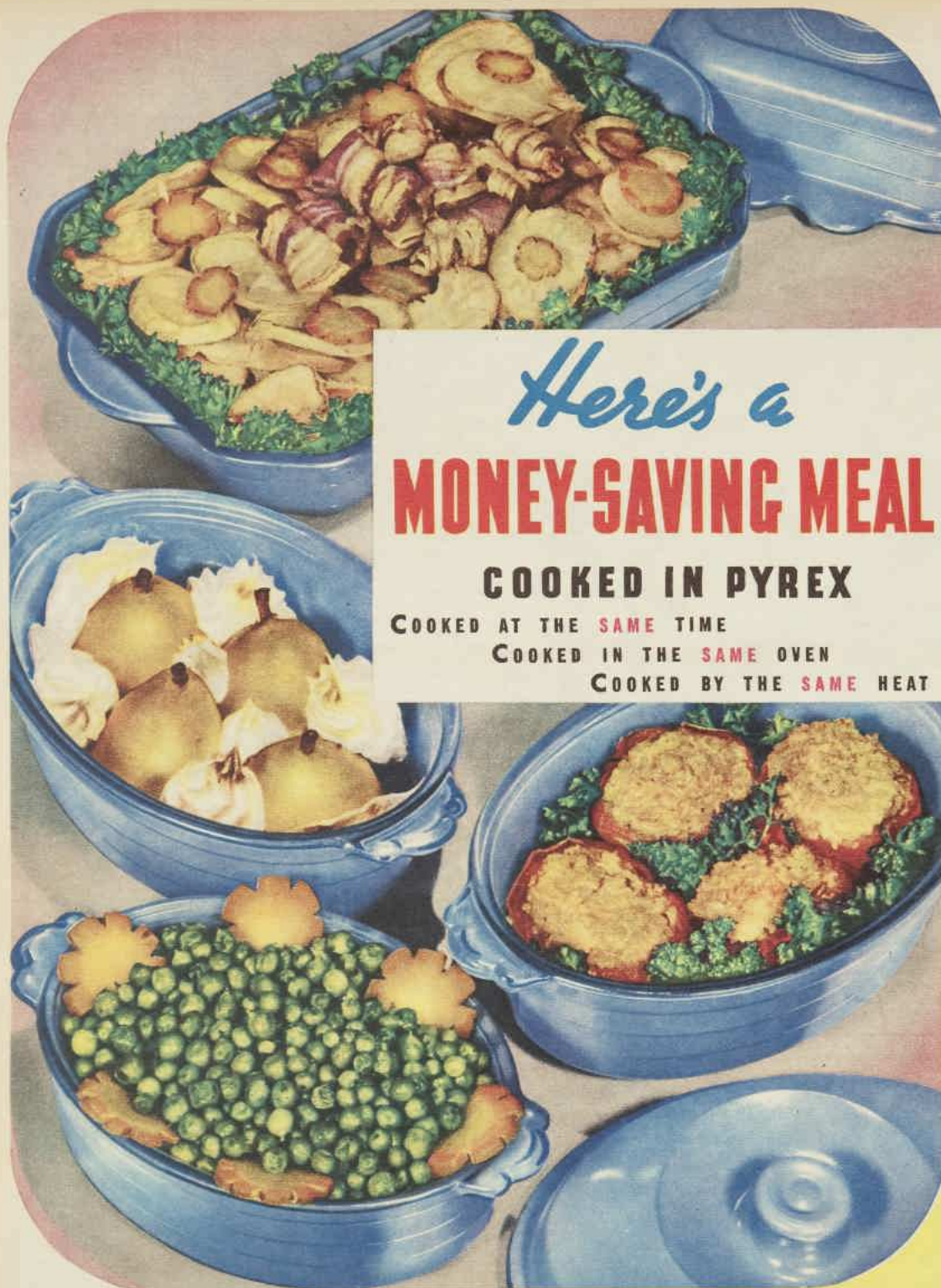
ROSELLA PORK & BEANS FOR LUNCH



Now for the lunch I love the most... Rosella Pork and Beans with toast.

Rosella Pork and Beans—an enjoyable meal in double quick time. Simply heat and serve with grills or toast these nourishing ovenbaked beans, perfectly flavoured with pork and Rosella Tomato Sauce.

Also Baked Beans, Sausages & Vegetables, Spaghetti with Cheese.



Here's a
MONEY-SAVING MEAL
COOKED IN PYREX
COOKED AT THE SAME TIME
COOKED IN THE SAME OVEN
COOKED BY THE SAME HEAT

**STUFFED TOMATOES**

4-6 medium-sized tomatoes. 1 little grated nutmeg
2 tbsps. breadcrumbs. 1 finely chopped onion
2 tbsps. chopped ham. onion (optional)
(or cold meat). 1 teaspoon salt
1 dessertspoon chopped parsley. 1 pinch pepper
1 dessertspoon butter

1. Cut tops off tomatoes and scoop out inside, sprinkle with a little salt and pepper, also a few breadcrumbs, to soak up any juice. 2. Chop ham finely. 3. Mix with 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, parsley, nutmeg, pepper and salt, and 2 tablespoons tomato pulp. 4. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture and place in Agee Pyrex dish. 5. Sprinkle the remainder of the crumbs on the top. 6. Place a small piece of butter on each. 7. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. 8. Garnish with small sprigs of parsley. 9. Serve direct from oven to table.

PORK CHOPS EN CASSEROLE

6 Pork Chops (1 1/2" thick). 4 bacon rashers
1 temp. salt. 1 teaspoon Worcester-
shire Sauce
1 cup of stock or water. 1 carrot sliced
1 chopped onion
4 medium sized pear apples (peeled and sliced)
4 medium sized potatoes (peeled and sliced)

1. Wipe chops and brown in hot frying pan. 2. Place in Agee Pyrex Casserole and sprinkle with half of pepper and salt. 3. Place apples and potatoes in layers on chops and sprinkle with remaining pepper and salt. 4. Brown onions in frying pan and spread over mixture, in casserole. 5. Brown a little flour and add water and Worcestershire Sauce and pour over casserole. 6. Arrange sliced carrot and bacon rashes on top. 7. Bake in moderate oven about 1 1/2 hours. 8. Serve direct from oven to table.

BAKED PEARS IN GINGER SYRUP

1/2 cup sugar. Juice 1 lemon
1 cup water. 1 lemon, ground ginger
1 tbsps. vinegar. Rind of 1 lemon
44 pears.

1. Mix sugar, ginger, lemon rind and juice. 2. Add water and boil for 5 minutes. Add washed sugar. 3. Peel pears (leave whole) put into a buttered casserole, and pour over the syrup. 4. Cover and bake 1 1/2 hours in moderate oven. 5. Serve hot with whipped cream or meringue. 6. Serve direct from oven to table.

PEAS

7 1/2 lbs. Peas. 1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon salt. Pinch carb. soda

1. Shell peas and place in covered Agee Pyrex dish with salt, sugar, carb. soda and mint. 2. Boil, cover with hot water (about 1 cup). 3. Cook in oven till tender (about 35 minutes). 4. Serve direct from oven to table.



Made in 1 1/2, 3 and 4-piece sizes, these new Pyrex sets may be seen at your favourite Department or Hardware store. Available in clear or any of the standard Pyrex colours.

and Easy to Serve too... straight from Oven to Table!

OVEN-COOKED meals appeal to the purse, attractively appetising and piping hot, in the same graceful Pyrex units. Whether you buy with hungry mouths to feed. Every course—from fish to sweet—is placed in the oven at the same time, each in its individual Pyrex dish. No need to use the top of the stove at all! Then, when the family is seated, the meal is served straight from oven to table, less modern methods entail.

AGEE PYREX IS AVAILABLE IN BLUE, GREEN, BISCUIT, DAFFODIL, PRIMROSE AND CLEAR

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Crown Crystal Glass Pty. Ltd., Waterloo, N.S.W.

Please send me a copy of the illustrated Pyrex booklet containing attractive recipes and details of the Agee Pyrex Range.

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